

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CONSOLIDATION OF

The Living Age and The Eclectic Magazine.

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY takes pleasure in announcing to the friends and readers of the magazine the consolidation of THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE with THE LIVING AGE. Beginning with the number for January, 1899, THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE will be issued under the title "THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE and Monthly Edition of THE LIVING AGE." This consolidation involves no change in THE LIVING AGE, which will be published weekly, as hitherto.

The new issue of THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE will be increased in size to 160 pages monthly, a change which will give to the subscribers 192 more pages of reading matter annually than hitherto. While the magazine will contain practically the same kind of material as formerly, some changes and additions will be made, which it is believed will largely enhance the value of the publication.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE and THE LIVING AGE have covered practically the same field for more than fifty years. The combination of the two will enable the publishers more fully to develop this field, and to supply to the lovers of good literature, and to all intelligent readers who are desirous of keeping informed upon current thought and discussion the most important contributions to British and Continental periodicals. Every field of literature, science, investigation, travel, discovery, history, art, biography and fiction will be represented.

The price of THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE will remain as hitherto, Five Dollars a year. The magazine will bear the imprint of THE LIVING AGE CO., Boston, and E. R. Pelton, New York, and subscriptions may be sent to either address.

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FROM BEGINNING,
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THE ART TREASURES OF AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

Many of the pictures by the old masters which are the property of the nation are collected in the first two rooms of the Eastern Gallery of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, beginning with an excellent Venetian picture of the "Outer Reaches of the Grand Canal" by Francesco Guardi, the pupil of Canaletto. The chief treasure on this particular wall is the noble sea-painting by Willelm Van de Velde. There was, probably, never any painter of naval subjects who had the practical training and advantages of Van de Velde, who was not only bred to the sea, but was present at many naval engagements, and witnessed in particular the severe battle between the English and Dutch fleets under the command of the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam, in which the ship of the latter, with 500 men, was blown up; as also the still more memorable engagement in the following year between the English under the Duke of Albemarle and the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter, which lasted three days. The episode which has been depicted in the fine canvas loaned to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. George H. Story is that of "The Embarkation of King Charles the Second on his Return to England after the Restoration." It is more than probable that Van de Velde witnessed the scene in question, although he did not actually arrive in London, at the King's invitation, until

fifteen years later. However, the painting itself was not made at the time of the Restoration, but was executed in London about, or soon after, 1675; and it is more than likely that some of the work is due to the more delicate touch of Van de Velde the Younger. America certainly has reason to be proud of possessing a picture which certainly ought to be in the national collection in London. Among the other Dutch masters, well known and little known, there is nothing more interesting than the beautiful picture called "The Guitarist," by Bartholomeus Van der Helst. The work of this notable artist is always fine and distinctive, and perhaps more so in his less ambitious efforts. As a portrait-painter he certainly takes very high rank among the artists of his nation. Many will recall what Sir Joshua Reynolds said of his picture painted to celebrate the Peace of Westphalia, and representing an archery festival: "This is, perhaps, the first picture of portraits in the world, comprehending more of those qualities which make a perfect portrait than any other I have ever seen." Among the several paintings which succeed these there are three of exceptional interest. First and foremost comes the large and superb "Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," by Rubens. This celebrated work was painted on a wooden panel about seven feet nine inches high and five

feet four inches broad. It first left Belgium in 1828, when it was brought to London by the famous expert, Mr. Buchanan. This picture was recently transferred from wood to canvas. It was purchased, I may add, by the Museum trustees in 1871. It is known that Rubens painted it for the Church of the Jesuits at Antwerp soon after his return from Italy, and that it was done immediately after finishing the famous "Crucifixion" in the Cathedral of Antwerp, and before the execution of its companion picture, that other masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross"—that is, during the period when he produced his finest work. In splendor of color and general power of composition and handling this painting is one of the finest examples of Rubens to be seen out of Belgium. Beside it hangs another fine work, though on a less ambitious scale, a portrait of Hille Bobbe van Haarlem by Frans Hals; though here the connoisseur will not admit that Hals is to be seen at his best. The third of the pictures to which I have alluded is an altogether admirable little portrait of himself by Gerard Terburg, interesting as being distinct in certain details from that at the Hague. How different the output of these three men: Rubens, in all his unstinted superabundance of genius, with his close on 3,000 pictures and drawings; Frans Hals, with his alternating extraordinary power and facile brilliancy; and Terburg (or Ter Borch), with all his mastery expressed in little more than a hundred paintings. All three were men of rare and remarkable genius, each excellent in his kind; and Terburg is no more to be depreciated for his meagre output than Rubens for his excess of vitality or Hals for his ever facile brush.

Here the north-east stairway intervenes, but exhibits nothing of special interest. In the next section of the

Eastern Gallery there are some very notable works: to begin with, a vividly painted landscape called "The Windmill," by Jan Brueghel, and an exquisitely painted "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," by David Teniers the Younger. Near these hangs a very curious but, I should say, very doubtful example of the art of Quintin Matsys. It is, indeed, probable that in this work, called "The Crown of Thorns," there is nothing of the actual touch of the first of the great Antwerp painters; certainly in its technique there is little to suggest that it is by the same hand which painted the superb "Misers" in Windsor Castle. The panel, however, may pass as an interesting example of the school of Matsys. Lucas Cranach's portrait of "Frederick the Magnanimous" is followed by a fine example of the landscape art—"A View in Holland"—of Hobbema. Near this is a very curious painting by Sir Anthony Vandyck of "St. Martha Interceding with God for a Cessation of the Plague at Tarascon;" beside which, again, is one of the ablest pictures of Isaac van Osted—a Dutch winter scene, marvellously luminous and lifelike. This fine work comes from the private gallery of Mr. George A. Hearn. There is rich and glowing color in "The Philosophers" of Jacob Jordaens, and more than usual excellence in the portrait of the young Duchesse de Mazarin by that relatively rare master, Nicolas Maes. In "Spanish Fruits" we have Velasquez in an unusual *genre*; but brilliant as it is, the scrupulous critic would like to know a little more as to its authenticity, which, to say the least of it, is open to doubt. This section ends with a spirited picture of "Hawks Attacking Pigeons" by that eminent and poetic painter of bird-life, Melchior Hondecoeter. In the intervening south-east stairway there are some interesting canvases, includ-

ing the beautiful "Head of a Cherub and Angel" by Correggio, from the private collection of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who concurrently presented to the Museum a "Venus and Cupid" of Mannozi, a (dubious) "Virgin and Child" of Fra Bartolommeo; a "St. Agatha" of that rare painter, Cristofano Allori; a noble head of an Apostle by Albrecht Dürer; a thoroughly characteristic and fine St. Anthony by Ghirlandajo, and a highly interesting "St. Christopher and the Infant Christ" by the ingenious Florentine painter, Antonio Pollajuolo, on plaster which was cut from the walls of the Chapel of the Michelozzi Villa in Florence. There is nothing remarkable in the remainder of this section of the Eastern Gallery, though there are clever paintings by Jan Brueghel, Greuze, Jan Both, David Teniers the Younger and Bartholomew Van der Helst; as also a fine portrait of a Dutch admiral by Aart de Gelder. Perhaps the most distinctive thing here is a small but most brilliant study of a Jewess of Tangier by Francesco José de Goya y Lucientes, best known simply by his patronymic, Goya.

The Western Galleries, stairways and Grand Hall of the Metropolitan Museum are given over to the fine Catherine Lorillard-Wolfe collection and other modern paintings, and to the collection of modern sculptures. The Lorillard-Wolfe series is one of the most interesting of its kind in existence, and has already exercised a great influence in the development of the younger painters in America. It is, however, singularly unequal, and along with modern masterpieces of the highest interest and value it contains many canvases of an altogether second-rate nature. Pictures such as "The Twin Stars" of Luis Falero seem hopelessly out of place beside the adjacent and superb "Edge of the

Woods" by Rousseau, and much of the same unfortunate contiguity prevails throughout the collection.

I must mention, however, only some of the works of paramount interest to most lovers of art, who, moreover, will be glad to know where these French and other masterpieces have found a home. Here is the beautiful water-color, "The Massacre of the Mamelukes," by Alexandre Bida, the masterpiece of the favorite pupil of Eugène Delacroix. There is no more dramatic incident in modern history than that of the extinction of the Mamelukes under the blank walls of the Old Palace of Cairo, and the terrible scene is depicted with extraordinary vividness and beauty by Bida. Next it hangs the lovely "Edge of the Woods," by Rousseau, with its marvellous windy blue and fleecy sky, which was purchased for the Wolfe collection at the William Schaud sale in February, 1896. One of the latest paintings of Lord Leighton, "Lachrymæ," comes next—the canvas that was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1895; a woman's figure, sombrely draped, leaning by a column surmounted by an urn. A few yards away the visitor comes upon a very famous painting—"The Whale Ship" of Turner, where a white, phantom-like ship under full sail is seen emerging through the misty atmosphere, while a large whale, which has just been harpooned, rears its huge head from the sea in the foreground and is spouting water stained with blood, while with its tail it has overturned one of the four boats put out for its capture. The picture is, indeed, as has been described by a well-known critic, at once luminous and lovely in color, with a variety of lines in both sky and water which are infinitely beautiful. This is the painting which was originally purchased by Dr. Munro of Novar, one of Turner's earliest pa-

trons, at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1846. It was resold to Sir Francis Seymour Haden in 1884, from whom it was acquired for the Wolfe Gallery in 1896. It is one of the few large Turners which, it is averred, have never been engraved. A strange contrast is afforded by the three most noble of the pictures which succeed "The Whale Ship;" a canvas called "The Bouquet," by Duez; a vivid and terrible battle-piece by Gustav Doré, representing an episode in the retreat from Moscow, of Cossacks killing the helpless wounded in a wagon; and the reserved, dignified and charming "Sign Painter" of Meissonier. Several other interesting examples of modern French art follow, till we come to Thomas Couture with an admirable canvas called "The Idle Student," depicting a young boy in a library. One of the most famous paintings of Jules Breton, that of the "Religious Procession in Brittany," occupies a conspicuous place in this room. It is the same fine picture of peasants with tapers going through serried ranks of white-cowled women, which was purchased in 1873 from the collection of the late Baron Strasburger in Berlin. The most famous of the Pardons of Brittany are those of St. Anne d'Aurac, or St. Anne des Paludes, and that of Rumegol, near Le Faou; but that represented in Jules Breton's picture is the festival celebrated every summer at Kergoat, near Douarnenez and Quimper. Of the several paintings which came to the Wolfe collection from that of Baron Strasburger, in Berlin, the most interesting is a rather unusual example of the art of Diaz, a Holy Family, on wood. In the very beautiful "Old Oak," by Jules Dupré, it is interesting to note the difference of manner and method with the similar picture by Old Crome already alluded to. Fine examples of the art of Detaille, Horace Ver-

net, Antoine Vollon and Henner follow, with a most lovely "Evening Scene on the Oise," by Daubigny. Cabanel's merits as well as his defects are seen in the somewhat overwrought painting of the "Shulamite Woman," the same as that which was exhibited in the Salon of 1876. Much more beautiful, because much more reserved and delicately wrought, is the sketch of "Arabs Crossing a Ford," by Eugène Fromentin, which was purchased from the artist himself in 1873. That pictorial laureate of Venice, Felix Ziem, is well represented by a brilliant "Inundation of the Piazza of St. Mark."

Crossing into the tenth room of the Western Gallery, the visitor will note first a charming water-color of "Camels Reposing in a Square in Tangier," painted by Fortuny, purchased from the collection of M. Gérôme, who had it direct from the artist. Conspicuous in this section is Cabanel's very fine portrait of Miss Catherine Lorillard-Wolfe herself. This brilliant and accomplished woman, whose beneficent acts are familiar to all citizens of New York, died in the spring of 1887, and not only left to the Metropolitan Museum her whole collection of modern art, but also the sum of 200,000 dollars. Cabanel's portrait was painted from sittings at Paris in 1876. It is followed by a fine small landscape by Diaz, by a brilliant sketch of Byron's Haidée by Chaplin, and excellent examples of Leloir, Detaille, Jules Dupré, a large and noble landscape called "The Mill," by Van Marcke, painted to commission, and the beautiful little "Night Patrol at Smyrna," by Décamps, at one time in the collection of Mr. John Taylor Johnston. Here, too, are one or two of the studies of Egyptian fellaheen made by M. Bonnat at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. A brilliant little "Interior," a pawnbroker's shop, painted to order and exhibited

in the Salon of 1874, shows us Munkacsy in his less flamboyant mood. It is often his minor work which shows Munkacsy at his best—and, by the way, it may not be generally known that the real name of the painter is Mihaly (or Michael) Lieb. He took the name of Munkacsy from the fact of his birth at Munkacs, in Hungary. A very noble painting by Troyon is that entitled "Holland Cattle," which came to Miss Wolfe at the sale of Mr. Sanford's pictures in 1876. Madrazzo and Francisco Domingo are among the few eminent Spanish painters represented, neither very importantly. Carl Piloty and his pupil, Hans Makart, are both well represented, though the former's "Parable of the Wise and Foolish" has all the faults of the Munich school, and the latter's "Dream After the Ball" has too much uncontrolled vehemence of color. This section ends with three delightful little works by Corot, Rousseau and Diaz.

In the remaining room of the Western Gallery there are several interesting, and one or two famous paintings. Among the latter is the celebrated "Friedland, 1807." This, it is hardly necessary to remind my readers, is the largest canvas ever painted by Meissonier. It was painted to the commission of Mr. A. T. Stewart, and every one interested in the art of Meissonier will recall the famous letter about this picture which he wrote to Mr. Stewart. At the sale of the Stewart collection in March, 1887, "Friedland" was purchased for £13,000 by Judge Henry Hilton, by whom in the same year it was presented to the Metropolitan Museum. In the letter about this picture, already alluded to, "on which I have bestowed all the science and experience I have been able to acquire in my art," M. Meissonier wrote: "I have the conviction—which I do not express

without a certain pride—that the value of this work will increase with time;" and certainly "Friedland" struck me as being even more masterly in conception, composition and technique generally than when I saw it previously, a few years ago, in New York, and before that again, in Paris. Another not less famous canvas here is the celebrated "Horse Fair" of Rosa Bonheur. This also was originally in Mr. Stewart's collection. It was painted in 1852, when the artist was in her thirtieth year, and was exhibited in the Salon of 1853, when, however, though much admired, it did not find a purchaser. It was soon after exhibited in Ghent, but again was not sold. In 1855 the picture was sent by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur to her native town of Bordeaux, when she offered to sell it to the civic authorities at the very low sum of 12,000 francs. When the Mr. Ernest Gambart who ultimately purchased the picture asked Mlle. Bonheur if he might take it to England and have it engraved, she replied that she wished her picture to remain in France. Indeed, although Mr. Gambart was willing to give 40,000 francs for it, she wished it to go to Bordeaux, if only at the smaller sum of 12,000. The artist was of a generous nature, and, averring that Mr. Gambart had paid her too much, she suggested to him that as he would not be able to have an engraving made from so large a canvas, she should paint him a small one of the same subject, which she would gladly present to him. Thus it was that Mr. Gambart came into possession of the two pictures, and that while the large work went travelling over the kingdom on exhibition, Thomas Landseer made an engraving from the quarter-size replica. In 1857 the famous "Horse Fair" was sold to a New York collector, Mr. W. P. Wright, for 30,000 francs. Mr. Gambart tried to

repurchase it in 1870 for 50,000 francs, but on the dispersion of Mr. Wright's collection Mr. Stewart paid a much larger sum for it. The quarter-size replica, from which the engraving was made, passed into the hands of Mr. Jacob Bell, who bequeathed it in 1859 to our own national collection, and it is now, of course, familiar to visitors to the National Gallery. It may be as well to add, because of the confusion about the "Horse Fair" replicas, that a still smaller replica was painted early in the sixties, and resold a few years ago in London for £4,000. There is also a smaller water-color drawing, which was sold to M. Balckow for 2,500 guineas, and is now among the art treasures of Middlesbrough. Of course the Stewart canvas in New York is the original picture. At the auction sale of his collection in March, 1887, it was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for 55,500 dollars, and was by him presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The most notable French pictures, after these two, which are to be found here are "The Birth of Venus" by Cabanel; "L'Attentat d'Anagni" of Albert Maignan; the beautiful "Joan of Arc" of Bastien Lepage—that which was exhibited in the Salon of 1880, bought from the artist by Mr. Davis, and by him presented to the Museum in 1889, and by the Museum trustees loaned to the Exposition Universelle of Paris, 1889; two fine canvases, "Spring" and "Autumn," by the great Dutch painter, the late Anton Mauve; a very noble moonrise by Henri Harpignies, illustrative of the lines by Victor Hugo:

La campagne, les bois, les ombrages
charmants,
Les larges clairs de lune au bord des
flots dormants.

This fine example of Harpignies was painted to the commission of Messrs.

Arnold & Tripp, the well-known connoisseurs and art dealers of Paris, and by them presented to the Museum in 1886. Since then another noble Harpignies has been added to the national art treasures through the same donors. Here also are the most beautiful portrait-study by Fortuny, the "Jeune Dame Espagnole;" the large and impressive "Defence of Champigny," by Detaille, by many considered that master's *chef-d'œuvre*; a very notable portrait-study, called "Boy with a Sword" (the boy in a dark Puritan dress with blue stockings), by Edouard Manet, who has also in another room a larger canvas, called "Girl with a Parrot," but hard and mannered, both presented in 1889 from the private collection of Mr. Edwin Davis. "The Vintage" of Lhermitte, exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1884, came from the William Schaud collection in 1887, and Henner's "Mary Magdalene at the Tomb of Our Saviour" in 1891. It is needless to give a mere catalogue of the many excellent French and American, and a few modern Dutch and Spanish, canvases which follow these, as there is nothing among them of outstanding value, although some are well known, such as "The Balloon" (field laborers looking up at a balloon in the sky), by Jules Dupré.

The decorative paintings on the west wall of the Grand Hall are "Peace," by Ludwig Knaus; "Diana's Hunting Party," by Hans Makart; and "Victory," by Gustave Richter. The whole of the east wall of the Grand Hall is occupied by the celebrated *tour de force* of Benjamin Constant, "Justinian in Council," which caused so much discussion at the Paris Salon of 1888.

Strangers who prefer, however, the older art of Europe will obtain more pleasure from a visit to the New York Historical Society. This society, in addition to a large library of books

and newspapers of local interest and an extensive collection of manuscript private and public documents from the earliest colonial period to the Civil War, has a permanent picture gallery. It embraces the entire collection of the old New York Gallery of Fine Arts, which contained the Luman Reed collection; the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art, bequeathed in 1867, and the Durr collection, given in 1882. Nearly all the first 200 paintings are by early American artists; among them the well-known names of John Trumbull, the two Peales, Benjamin West, Jarvis, Vanderlyn, Morse, Inman and Cole. One famous English painter serves as the link between these early Americans and the very much earlier old Italian masters—namely, Gainsborough, who is represented by a small characteristic landscape. Many of the next 300 pictures are of indifferent quality, and unquestionably many of the attributions are purely arbitrary, and often fantastic; but there are some works of great merit and singular interest. Here, for instance, is the beautiful "Last Judgment" of Simone Memmi, the picture of which Michaelis wrote such a graphic description in the *Gazette de France*, and the remarkable "Crucifixion" of Andrea Mantegna, wherein the painter seems to have made the utmost use of the extraordinary collection of ancient arms possessed by his master in art, Squarcioni. Guido of Siena is represented by a fine "Virgin and Child with Four Saints," the same that was originally in the collection of Artur de Montor; and Perugino by a somewhat doubtful though fine "Adoration of the Infant Christ." Critical opinion will unquestionably dispute Raphael's authorship of the "Birth and Resurrection of Christ" (No. 200), and of Leonardo da Vinci's "St. John Weeping" (198), though both are fine paintings. There is good rea-

son to believe that the "Repose in Egypt" by Titian is an authentic copy by that artist of his famous painting, the more so as it is not strictly a replica, on account of the absence of some figures in the background, the introduction of the rivulet in the foreground, and a butterfly upon a flower in the right corner, differential details which a later copyist certainly would never have made. The same remark may be made *à propos* of the so-called replica of Correggio's "Virgin and Child, Mary Magdalene and St. Jerome," of which the original is at Parma. Paul Veronese, Domenichino and Salvator Rosa are also well represented. In the Dutch school there are a few good examples of the best men, particularly noteworthy being Douw's "The Artist in His Studio," Jan Van Eyck's "Crucifixion," an incantation scene by David Teniers the Younger, an exceedingly fine winter scene by the less known Jan Beeres-traten and two striking but dubious works respectively attributed to Rubens and Rembrandt.

The early German school is represented by three pictures: a St. George and the Dragon by Dürer, and two small canvases by Holbein; and the Spanish school by studies by Velasquez and Murillo. Although the French school is represented by Poussin, Watteau, Greuze and Vernet, there is nothing in this section of especial artistic interest. In the Durr collection, the most noteworthy Italian picture is the signed "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," attributed to Titian, possibly the first of three pictures on this subject which Titian painted. Another Titian attribution is the portrait of Aretino the poet, a picture which has a curious history, for it was found in the wagon of a *rivandière* named Machau, killed at the battle of Marengo, and finally passed into the private cabinet of Denon, Direc-

tor of the Musée Napoleon. Much the most noteworthy picture of the Dutch school in this Durr collection is the "Combat of Cavalry," attributed to Rembrandt.

The most important other public art galleries in New York are those of the Lenox Library, in Fifth Avenue, the endowment of a famous bibliophile and New York connoisseur of rare taste, Mr. James Lenox. The pictures are, largely, of an interest greater for Americans than for foreigners. Among those which more concern British visitors I may mention a few. First in some respects is the fine portrait of Milton, which is doubly interesting as having been formerly in the possession of Charles Lamb. To the right of this is Horace Vernet's famous "Siege of Saragossa," and beyond it what is probably Munkacsy's most celebrated picture, "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters." There is a fine Reynolds—a picture of a boy in a red velvet dress leaning forward on a green cushion, with a pen and paper in his hand. Who the boy was I do not know, but the picture came from the collection of Philip Metcalf, Reynolds's executor. Better known is the same painter's Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia, a lovely, full-length portrait of the once celebrated singer, with a choir of angels fluttering around her and singing to the music of her voice. This is the picture which is associated with a charming Haydn anecdote. When the great composer visited Reynolds's studio, when the portrait was nearing completion, he remarked, after eyeing it critically, "You have painted it wrong." Mrs. Billington was almost as annoyed as the painter, who remarked sharply, "In what respect?" Whereupon Haydn answered: "Why, the angels should have been listening to Mrs. Billington instead of Mrs. Billington

listening to the angels." At this the singer jumped up and gave Haydn a kiss, and Reynolds thanked him for the hint. Reynolds' portrait of Miss Kitty Fisher, with doves, is also here. Close by are two noble works by Turner: "A Scene on the French Coast," with an English war ship stranded, and with a flaming and resplendent sunset reflected along the luminous wet sands and shallow waters; and the powerful "Fingall's Cave, Staffa," with its wonderful surge of tidal billows, which Mr. Lenox bought from Turner himself in 1845. The finest "old master" in the collection is the beautiful "Tobit and the Angel" of Andrea del Sarto.

Every visitor to New York makes a point of seeing "the Vanderbilt houses" in the Upper Fifth Avenue neighborhood. The houses themselves are well worth a visit, though perhaps many will agree with the present writer in considering their ornamentation too floridly grandiose. Japanese parlors and reduced fac-similes of the Ghiberti gates in Florence do not go well together—and a like incongruity prevails. In Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt's house there are some charming frescoes of hunting scenes by Luminals, and the main staircase is illumined by nine very fine stained windows by John Lafarge, the prince of American decorative painters.

Of course the famous Vanderbilt gallery is a private one, but as a rule there is little difficulty in the way of those who wish to inspect it. There are few noteworthy pictures of the English school. Mr. Alma Tadema is represented by a beautiful and characteristic "Entrance to a Theatre," which is in a niche of the broad arch over the entrance from the house. But some of the French pictures are of great value, and there is a lovely example of the art of the great Spaniard, Fortuny—his superb fantasia,

"Dancing Arabs." There are no fewer than five Millets, four being depictive of peasant life, and conventional enough in subject, though so fine and individual in handling; and the fifth a singular and striking presentment of two hunters in a snowy wood. Detaille's great picture, so famous through innumerable reproductions, has a conspicuous place; that which depicts two wounded French officers carrying a mortally wounded comrade out of a shattered church between two lines of Prussian soldiery, who have fallen back in respectful homage to the dead and dying defenders. By Detaille there is also a brilliantly able "General Von Moltke and Staff." Two of Meissonier's best cabinet pictures of the military *genre* are here: the one showing a troop of soldiers halting while their commandant questions a peasant, and the other depicting a French officer in a green buff coat, with white trousers and top boots, standing astride before a fireplace, and frowning over a despatch which an orderly has just brought to him. This is the painting sometimes called "Napoleon: Bad News from the Front," though I fancy it has nothing to do with Napoleon himself. Two other Meissoniers hang in another room: *genre* pictures painted to please his Vanderbilt patrons, but of little interest to the general public; Delacroix's rich "Indian Warrior at the Head of His Troops;" Diaz's "Scene in the Forest of Fontainebleau;" a fine landscape by Dupré and a notably fine "Cattle" by Troyon; Fromentin's "Caravan Crossing a Stream," and "Gambling Scene in a Tavern;" a noteworthy Van Marcke, of cattle collected outside a thatched stable in an orchard; Roybet's "Florentine Dames," and Zamacois's "King's Favorite;" Jules Breton's fine "Peasant Girl Weaving," with Breton shore and sea for

background; Daubigny's noble "Cattle by a Lake;" Rosa Bonheur's "Huntsman"—a man leaning against a tree, with dogs resting, and four horses awaiting their riders, a very fine example of this artist's best period—and "Sheep;" Bouguereau's "Italian Flute Player;" and Gérôme's celebrated and beautiful "Sword Dance," where an almond-eyed slave of great loveliness dances before a pasha or other Oriental dignitary—these are among the most notable pictures to be seen in the interesting but overpraised Vanderbilt collection.

One has to leave New York to find the finest private collection in America, the already alluded-to Collection of Mr. Walters of Baltimore. Here is the ideal connoisseur: the man who by his own sure taste and love brings together what he can of beautiful and distinctive art. Mr. Walters's taste, or rather his predilections, may be restricted, but there is none who has made a better collection of "Latin" art. Almost the only English painters represented among his many beautiful possessions are Turner, Sir John Millais, Mr. Briton Rivière and Mr. Alma Tadema. The Turner is the justly famous "Grand Canal, Venice," perhaps the supreme triumph of brilliancy in coloration in the history of art. The Millais is "News from Home," where a soldier-sentry stands leaning on his gun while he reads a letter which he has just received. Strong in characterization and strong in painting, Mr. Briton Rivière's finest picture, "Syria—The Night Watch," has found a home here. This is that nobly conceived and beautifully painted moonlit scene outlined in the lines of "Omar Khayyâm":

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried
and drank deep;

where, amid the vast ruins of an ancient city, spectral in the moon-

shine, not a human face is seen, but only the baleful eyes of nocturnal beasts of prey. Of Mr. Alma Tadema's art Mr. Walters has several fine examples. What is generally considered his most dramatic picture is here—the large and profoundly impressive "A Roman Emperor," where behind the dead bodies of Caligula and others of his household are the soldiers who have returned lest they have missed some member of the imperial family, while beyond is a soldier bowing mockingly as he exposes behind a hanging tapestry the rigid body of the terror-paralyzed Claudius. In composition this is unquestionably one of Mr. Tadema's triumphs, and is perhaps unsurpassed by him in rich and effective coloring and technical finish. Near it hangs what many admirers of this artist's work hold to be his highest achievement, the "Sappho," where "the tenth muse" is seen seated on the creamy white marble of a semi-circular open theatre, and listening intently to the lyre-accompanied songs of the young poet Alcæus, of whom she is enamored. Beyond the marble and the beautiful warm olive trees is the dark blue of the Ionian Sea. In the words of an able American critic, "the pinkish creamy white of the marble and the color-scheme of the figures, with their pale lavender, pink, buff, green, salmon, yellow, are like a cluster of tea-roses in a vase of deep blue green." A third picture, the elaborate and impressive "Triumph of Titus," has a peculiar right to belong to Mr. Walters, as the subject was suggested by him to the artist. It is believed that Mr. Tadema himself considers it one of his best achievements. The refined and charming girl-study called "Sister is Not In" is also here, and among the water-colors is that loveliest of his drawings, the "Xanthe and Phaon."

It is somewhat strange that the

only American artist represented in this section of Mr. Walters's collection is Mr. G. H. Boughton. "The Waning Honeymoon" and "Venus and Neptune" were both, I think, exhibited at the Academy some years ago.

But the chief treasures of Mr. Walters's gallery—which M. Durand Gréville has spoken of as incomparable—are in its French work. Here are many masterpieces by the princes of Barbizon—Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Diaz, Troyan, Dupré, Daubigny and Ziem; and also famous works by Delacroix, Vernet, Gérault, Delacroix, Isabey, Decamps, Fromentin, Couture, Gleyre and many others. And here, among works by living, or recently living artists, are fine examples of Meissonier, Gérôme, Jules Breton, Léon Bonnat, Dagnan-Bouveret, De Neuville, Van Marcke, Cabanel, Frère, etc. Spain is represented by Fortuny, Zamaño, Madrazo, Rico, Villegas, and Jiménez; and Germany by Becker, Achenbach, Müller, and Pettenkofer.

A detailed account of these important pictures is impracticable here; a volume would be required. It must suffice to indicate the treasures of Mr. Walters's collection. By Millet there are the lovely "The Sheepfold—Moonlight," "The Potato Harvest," and the strange and powerful "Breaking Flax." By Rousseau: his masterpiece, "Le Givre—Winter Solitude," which has been called "a landscape that stands alone, unsurpassed in any age or epoch of art," and of which Sensier wrote that no one would have this *chef-d'œuvre*, and that it required twenty years to make it understood; and his noble "Early Summer Afternoon." By Corot: the celebrated "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," the beautiful "The Evening Star," "The Fisherman's Cottage," and "Earliest Spring." By Troyon: "Cattle Drinking," and "Repose." By Dupré: the small but noble "The Old Oak" (the

famous duel-picture with Rousseau), "At Sea," and resplendent "Sunset on the Coast," with a lovely little gem called "A Bright Day." By Diaz: the magnificent "Forest of Fontainebleau—Autumn," the large and imposing "The Storm," the charming "Autumnal Effect," the beautiful little religious picture, "The Assumption," and "Cupid Disarmed." By Daubigny: "Twilight," "The Coming Storm," and the noble "Sunset on the Coast of France." By Felix Ziem are several pictures, among them perhaps his masterpiece, "Venice—Sunset." One of the rarities of Mr. Walters's collection is the unique and, to students of modern art, invaluable "The Hemicycle"—the original from which Delaroche painted the great "Hemicycle" on the walls of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. It has been well said that no one can properly understand Delaroche who has not seen the "Hemicycle," one of the triumphs of decorative art. By Horace Vernet: "Italian Brigands;" and several very fine examples of Gallait Jalabert and Baron Leys. From a splendid "Lion in Repose" by Gérault, the visitor turns to a wonderful series by Delacroix: "Christ on the Cross," "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee," "The Lion and the Serpent," and the intensely dramatic "The Combat," a duel to the death between two horsemen at the base of some lonely hills. By Isabey: "The Departure of Elizabeth of France for Spain" and "After the Storm." By Decamps, "The Suicide," and by Fromentin the superb and famous "The Halt," the lovely "Encampment on the Atlas Mountains," and "At the Well." By Couture: "Horace and Lydia" and "Day Dreams." By Gleyre, "the painter of dreams," is his fine "Lost Illusions." By Bonnat, several portraits, including the incomparable "Barye," the portrait of M. Bonnat himself and that of Mr. Wal-

ters, and a fine "Arab Sheik." By Gérôme: "The Christian Martyrs," the famous picture that was on his easel for twenty years; "Diogenes;" "The Duel after the Masquerade;" "On the Desert"—one of those charming greyhound pictures which make one recall Hamerton's "I would rather have a leash of greyhounds painted by Gérôme than by any other painter living." By Jules Breton: the noble "Close of the Day" and "Returning from the Fields." By Meissonier: the famous and dramatically conceived Napoleon of 1814, called simply "1814" and a clever study, "The Jovial Trooper." By De Neuville: the celebrated "The Attack at Dawn" and "In the Trenches" and "Information." By Van Marcke: "The Approach of the Storm," "The Pool," "Early Morning" and others. By Cabanel: the portrait of Napoleon the Third and "Pandora." By Hugues Merle there is a picture, "The Scarlet Letter," which has the added interest that this is the work painted by Merle at the request of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who sent him "The Scarlet Letter." By Edouard Frère, "the laureate of the poor," there are six fine works.

By the Spanish painters are several notable pictures. Fortuny is represented by one of his loveliest creations, "The Rare Vase;" also by "An Ecclesiastic" and the "Hindoo Snake Charmer." One recalls Couture's exclamation on hearing of Fortuny's death: "O the beautiful things! I dream of them all night!" or Henri Regnault's saying, "Fortuny takes my breath away. He is master of us all . . . Oh, Fortuny! I can't sleep for you." Zamaçois is represented by what he himself knew to be his masterpiece, and refused to part with during his lifetime: the great military picture, "Spain—1812." Madrazo's "Council out of Church" is a good example of his art. Martin Rico's masterpiece, "Ven-

ice," is here, and affords a striking contrast both to Ziem's and to Turner's "Venice." Jiminez's brilliant "Boutique of Figaro" and Villegas's "The Slipper Merchant—Cairo" are among the best achievements of these able painters.

In another section of Mr. Walters's collection are works by Greuze (The "Milkmaid"); Chaplin, Plassau, Detaille ("The Picket"), Vibert ("Toreadors"), Clairin (the splendid "Entering the Harem"); Muller, Clays, Chavet, Alfred Stevens ("Palm Sunday" and "News from Afar"), Henner ("The Nymph"), Munkacsy ("The Story of the Battle"), Alberto Pasina (the luminous "Damascus"), Antonio Rotta, and Bartholomeus Van der Helst (a notably fine portrait by this old Dutch master, "Anna Maria Schumann").

Equally fascinating in its own kind is the water-color collection. Here are lovely drawings by Millet ("The Sower," "The Shepherdess," the original study of "The Angelus," and the original study of "The Sheep-fold"); by Rousseau; by Diaz ("The Edge of the Forest"); by Fortuny ("The Mendi-cant" and "Don Quixote"); by Messonier ("The Courtyard of the Artist's Studio," and two red and black chalk portraits of himself at the age of forty); by Jacquemart (one of the few pictures by this celebrated etcher, and a very lovely one: "a Landscape"); by Josef Israels (particularly his "Holland"); by Ary Scheffer ("Dante and Beatrice"); and by Rosa Bonheur ("The Andalusian Bulls" and "The Conversation: Shepherd and Dog"). By English painters the most notable water-color drawings, besides the already alluded to "Xanthe and Phaon" of Mr. Alma Tadema, are Frederick Walker's "The Fish Market" and a very fine "Still Life" by William Hunt. One of the great attractions in this section is the lovely series of thirteen drawings by Léon

Bonvin, that little-known and sadly ignored prince of flower painters. His sole encourager was Mr. Walters, who has the satisfaction of knowing that the brief, sad and tragically ending life of Bonvin was made a little easier and happier because of him. Bonvin's work is a revelation. There is nothing of its kind so exquisite. It is strange that almost all the best work of this strange, shy, sad French peasant should have to be seen in the private collection of an American connoisseur in far-away Baltimore. Another great attraction here are the four lovely drawings by Alexandre Bida: "The Prayer on the Housetop," "Jesus at the Door of the House of Zachariah," "Moses," and "The Foolish Virgins." There is nothing among the masterpieces of Bida in the Louvre to surpass these drawings, and perhaps the first in particular—the remarkable drawing before which Gérôme exclaimed, after long studying it in silent admiration, "I have done nothing to equal this."

But probably the most widely known art treasure of Mr. Walters is the celebrated series of works by Barye, as a painter perhaps not less great than he is as a sculptor in bronze. For thirty years a deep friendship existed between the artist and Mr. Walters, through whom Barye became celebrated in America long before he was widely known in this country. When, on a late occasion, Mr. Walters put an order in his hands for copies of all his available works, the artist threw up his hands and exclaimed, "My God! my country never did this for me!"

Whoever wishes to see the originals of the finest achievements of Barye must go to Baltimore. Mr. Walters's house has well been described as Barye's temple: outside of which is the first public monument to commemorate the genius of the great artist—

the large and magnificent "Lion in Repose" (cast by Barbédienne) and four groups: "Peace," "War," "Force Protecting Labor," and "Order." Among the noblest and most famous bronzes are "The Tiger Hunt," "The Hunt of the Wild Ox," "The Elk Hunt," "The Hunt of the Bear," the celebrated "The Silver Lion," which was given by the city of Paris as the Grand Prix at the Longchamps races of 1863; the "Jaguar Devouring a Hare," "The Walking Wolf" (the work he dedicated to Theodore Rousseau), the "Elk Surprised by a Lynx," the "Panther Seizing a Stag," the "Python Crushing a Crocodile," "Mounted Arabs Killing a Lion," and "Tartar Warriors Checking a Horse." Among the many models in wax is the original of the famous "Walking Tiger." Here, too, among treasures too many to enumerate, are the celebrated and beautiful "The Hippogriff," "Theseus Slaying the Centaur Bionor," and the marvellously decorative "Candelabra of the Three Goddesses." After inspection of the wonderful water-color drawings of Barye one cannot but agree with Eugène Véron that "they are no less remarkable than his bronzes, and have the same qualities—grandeur of aspect and intensity of life." In a word, it would be well worth while for the lover of art to make a pilgrimage to Baltimore, if only to view the sole representative collection of the triumphs in sculpture, decoration and water-color painting of Anton Louis Barye.

I can do no more than mention here the Oriental Gallery, with its innumerable treasures of Japanese and Chinese art in every kind, including the unique and unsurpassable masterpiece known as "The Peach-Bloom Vase." A sentence from *The Art Amateur* may be quoted aptly instead: "The largest and best Oriental collection in the United States is undoubt-

edly that of Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, and dealers who ought to know say that there is no private collection in Europe to surpass it."

Another treasure is the wax counterpart of the famous "Head in Wax" of the Lille Museum, which used to be attributed to Raphael—a copy so exact that no expert could distinguish the one from the other. It is that which Alexandre Dumas, *filz*, caused to be made, and held till the day of his death as one of his most valued treasures. In a letter to a friend Dumas wrote: "I believe the original to be by Leonardo, but that is my opinion only. This head is divine. Gras copied it as a labor of love. It is the great All in a small volume, because its expression is the image of life, and the material of which it is made evokes a sensation of death."

Two perfect ivory sculptures of Cellini or the Cellini period stand near. These, "Psyche" and "Phryne," have been described as two of the most beautiful ivories in existence. In the delightful "Notes on the Walters Collection" by Mr. Richard B. Gruelle, to which I have been much indebted, the lovely "Phryne," which had always been attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, is with wiser critical insight now considered more likely to have been by John of Bologna. "Whoever the artist whose hand formed this bit of ivory into the exquisite embodiment of life surely dwells in the realms of the beautiful. I can think of nothing among the treasures of ancient or modern sculpture more perfect. There may be grander things, but here is form in its perfection—so symmetrical, so graceful, so exquisitely shaped is it that nothing could compare with its peculiar fascination. The textures and undulating lines are so deftly wrought that you lose the impression of the substance out of which it is formed, and seem in the presence of

real, living flesh." Less miraculous, but scarcely less beautiful, is the "Psyche." Strange, indeed, as Mr. Gruelle says, that, though the "Head in Wax," the "Phryne," and the "Psyche" are unparalleled in beauty, faultless in execution, and informed by the rarest genius, the creator of each remains unknown.

And now, after all this detail, it is as though but a glimpse at a few of the art treasures of Mr. Walters had been taken. His collection is unique, and as a House of Beauty is not only the finest in America, but among the finest in the world.

A word as to the noble mural painting to be found in America. There is much that is fine in Washington, New York and elsewhere, but nothing to surpass the frescoes of the Public Library in Boston. Here are the justly famous frescoes of Mr. Edwin

The Nineteenth Century.

NOTE.—Just as this article was finished came the sad tidings of the loss of "La Bourgogne." On board were some famous French pictures, notably Jules Dupre's "Passage du Gue" (valued at 75,000 francs), which M. Georges Petit

Abbey, R.A., and those of Mr. Sargent, which are well known to their admirers in this country, as the panels were first exhibited in London; and here is what some consider the noblest decorative art of Puvis de Chavannes.

This, after all, is but a partial and most inadequate record of the art treasures of America. Yet, if the country possessed nothing of great art beyond what is to be found in Boston, at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and in the unique private collection of Mr. Walters at Baltimore, it would still be rich indeed—and, in the greatest achievements of modern French art, richer than France itself. It is significant that, to see in one place the range and accomplishment of the greatest artist in sculpture which France has produced, one has to go, not to Paris, but to Baltimore.

William Sharp.

had purchased to bring back to France. Casin's "Zuyder Zee" (valued at 12,000 francs), and Vibert's "Passage Difficile" and "Le Beau Cadeau" (together, 18,000 francs) are also among the lost pictures.

BISMARCK.*

Bismarck is dead! Suppose that the greatest, the most ancient pyramid in existence to-day upon the Egyptian desert should suddenly burst into fragments, like a shower of aerolites, and vanish into space, scattered by the hurricanes of the air and by the hurricanes of time. To hear of so great a ruin would produce a sensation of amazement, but it would not be the emotion that we should feel upon seeing the Parthenon, that marble hymn, fall in ruins, or the Venus de Milo,

that goddess of eternal beauty, reduced to atoms.

A Titan has died! One who struggled fruitlessly against nature to conquer her, who piled stone upon stone to reach the sky without penetrating the clouds, notwithstanding the strength of his steel-like muscles and the grandeur of his cyclopean stature. Great Bismarck—but not so great as Prometheus—clutching his flaming torch. He was as great as the mountain where Prometheus was enchained and as great as the vulture which gnawed his entrails.

*Translated for The Living Age by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

When France had been recently conquered, and everybody—the vulgar herd that applauds victory in all its phases—was praising the flocks of eagles that had seized the republic, I said:

"I do not laud triumphant birds of prey, neither black nor white eagles, be they one or two headed, with much plumage or tailless. I prefer the symbolic animals of the overthrown French nation, the cock announcing the dawning of the new day, or the lark arising from the ploughed furrow in search of the laughing dawn, when night still envelops mortals in her darkest clouds. To-morrow the world will care more to know who gave man eternal light by the striking of the flint and steel, bringing him forth from the obscurity of his cave, where he dwelt like a timid rabbit in its hutch; to know who yoked the ox to the plough that the earth might give forth bread and wine; to know who brought quinine, the remedy for our tertian fevers, from another hemisphere to our own hemisphere, than to know who Bismarck was, whose helmet, steel cuirass, sword, spurs and whip plainly show that he is to be inscribed among conquerors; that he is responsible for all sorts of violence; that he is to be classed among the enemies of liberty and the persecutors of humanity, like Attila or Guenserico. His place is not among the redeemers; he is not of those who take up the cross to save others without sacrificing any life or shedding other blood than their own."

I have been on friendly terms with, or, at least, I have known the greatest men of the second half of this century, —Lamartine, Hugo, Thiers, Gladstone, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Donoso, Rivero, Cánovas, and the immortal poet, Zorrilla, stand forth clearly among many whom it is impossible to recall. I was never personally acquainted with Bis-

marck. At the springs of Taraps, very near Germany, I met my friend and companion in the university, Maestro Gneisth, a great sage, and author of the celebrated laws of May against the Church. He suggested to me that we should go together to Varzin in order to know the Colossus personally. I refused because, as Bismarck's ideas and mine had already been expressed, I could not treat him with courtesy in public, and for the same reason I could not treat him with friendliness in private, nor owe him those obligations of hospitality which so often seal the lips of well-bred people and weigh so heavily upon an honorable pen. I saw him, however, in the Station du Nord in Paris, the afternoon that I arrived to visit the exposition of 1867. I shall never forget his figure, nor, above all, his physiognomy. He was very tall, very robust, very well built, nervous and muscular at the same time, of a sanguinary temperament, with which there was mingled an excessive tendency towards billousness. He was haughty without being arrogant; simple, yet without the carelessness which generally accompanies simplicity. He was reserved because he was obliged to appear unmoved before glances and even remarks of keenest displeasure, if not of actual menace.

That man, like unto the huge slaves of the ancient Roman galleys, represented, as he passed before my eyes, absolute strength, sure of itself if it should be aroused to acts of violence. He had great feet, like those of a Normandy peasant, legs as solid as those of an old, expert horseman, a huge paunch, gigantic thorax, lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, shoulders formed to carry great weights, thick lips, a well shaped nose and a military moustache, a disdainful smile and flashing eye. He had a very large head, and his forehead was deeply furrowed by

wrinkles, the product of deep meditations. He frequently removed his helmet, as if it were worn for merely polite purposes. Bismarck went to Paris to declare war against France, foreseeing the day when his invading hosts would slake their horses' thirst in the turbid waters of the Seine.

Custom demands that we judge historic men at the moment of their death; and custom must be followed. Of Bismarck in his private and domestic life, of Bismarck as father, son and husband, we will not speak; only virtues can be found in his life. But the home, the family so loved by him,—the first regarded as a holy temple never profaned by even a breath of slander, the second looked upon as a religious community, which even death could not dissolve,—never tamed the iron will nor the despotic, Cæsarean heart of a conqueror and a tyrant.

Let us speak of the statesman, studied by many and understood by few. His history has three periods: youth, maturity and terrible old age. In his youth he belonged to the most reactionary schools. Brought up in the most rigid Lutheran orthodoxy, his mighty intellect never discovered any scientific horizon. Adhering with the fidelity of a dog to the divine right of kings, his vigorous reasoning powers never perceived any ideal. He hated revolutions, he was at enmity with the revolutionists; he waged implacable war against all progressive reforms; he believed in immovable stability—the Church and the State, ruled by an absolute king. These are the principal beliefs of the youth—a feudal lord of the old régime, in a land where men spring up and increase like vegetables, while every aspiration of any kind of the poor laborer or servant towards right or liberty must be crushed. What Mephistopheles, with diabolical genius, said to the fellow students of Faust, came true in this case: "They

will teach thee the law of the Persians, of the Greeks, of the Romans, of the feudal lord, of the absolute king, but the inherent right which each man brings with himself at birth they will never teach thee."

The revolution of 1848 had come. Following the revolution of 1848 came the consequent reaction. Bismarck thundered against those who predicted German unity, and thought that the ways and means of establishing such unity lay with the royal house of Prussia. According to his ideas, a project like that could only produce a dismal Prussian Novara. If the Prussian sovereignty should insist upon bringing it about, banishment, like that endured by Charles Albert of Savoy, would be the inevitable result. But they made Bismarck ambassador to Vienna, to St. Petersburg, to Paris, after the congress of Frankfort, and the great reactionist became converted to the revolution, declaring that upon it he would found German unity, and by this unity forge a crown from the ruin of the Hapsburgs for his lords and masters, the princes of Brandenburg. Then he conspired with Kossuth to liberate Hungary. He negotiated with those who were raising barricades in Vienna against the Austrians. He showed Italy, struggling Venetia and Venice redeemed. He set Garibaldi against the Roman Pontiff, Mazzini against the Austrian Emperor, and Ferdinand Lasalle against the Prussian reactionists themselves, while he followed in the footsteps of the innovator, Cavour. He scandalized all devout Germany by ejecting the Holy Roman Catholic Church, the work of our great Charles V., from the Confederation after the triumph of Sadowa, and called all Germans, saved by his efforts and triumphs, to universal suffrage. During this period Bismarck had not been more than the executor of the Germanic Assemblies

of 1848, just as Victor Emanuel had been merely the executor of the Italian Assemblies during the same period, the ecumenic councils of the democratic revolution.

During the prime of life, Bismarck fought against reactionary Austria and strove for the establishment of Italian independence, with Venetia again an Italian possession. He entered, heart and soul, into the autonomic progress in Hungary, resuscitating the old crown of the Magyars, which had been destroyed by the victories of the Croats, the Cossacks and the Russians, and placing it upon the same level (perhaps even higher) as the crown of Charles V. He worked for the crystallization of the Germanic revolutionary ideal, expelling Austria from the Confederation and interceding for little kingdoms as insignificant as the kingdom of Hanover, which gave its kings to England, the kings of the last and the present century, and, remaining always reactionary and feudal, fought for the complete unity of his country by breaking up the entire work of the year 1815, the treaties imposed by the despots of Europe upon the Europe of the people. He thus created one more medium of human liberty, and carried out the precepts of those German thinkers who believe in universal emancipation.

But this very Bismarck, who destroyed in middle age all that he had adored in his youth, returned to his old idols as soon as he reached inevitable old age, which was hastened by rheumatic and nervous attacks. While he struggled with a Power as reactionary as the Austrian Empire, he was both revolutionary and progressive, but when he contended with a Power as advanced as the French Republic he was reactionary and feudal. At this epoch began, in reality, the hour of his conquests. Not

content with having dismembered Denmark, for no other reason than his own capricious fancy and no other title than main force, he established a colossal army of defence and of conquest, the burden of which rests heavily to-day upon would-be Europeans, ape-like imitators of would-be Germans.

He established socialism in the professorships, a brutal sophism destined to gild the chains of that servitude which presses heavily upon Germany; he persecuted liberty of conscience, discussing, like the Cæsars of Byzance, a religion, old Catholicism, whose dogmas and canons he promulgated and forced upon the people, with imperial ordinance, from the height of his incontestable power. He cut from the body of the French nation two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, a crime equal to those committed by the old tyrants who divided Poland and dismembered Italy.

He tried to suppress all socialistic manifestations, after having protected the generative theories of these outbreaks. With pretorianism, on the one hand, in the politician, so like the gangrene that destroyed the Eternal City in its last days, and with protection, on the other, for the avaricious, so like the old imperial prohibition, he produced an empire, which, allied to Turkey to-day against Greece, resembles an Asiatic empire and is a true representative organ of universal reaction.

But how terrible his expiation! How long and tremendous his punishment! After he had made every possible effort to dominate France, he saw with horror that the degradation of France would add only to the aggrandizement of Russia. If France and Russia were upon terms of agreement, the power of Germany in Europe would diminish, and he would find his work, the unity of Germany,

placed between a hammer and an anvil capable of destroying it with one rapid blow. After he had protected an exaggerated system of taxes and import duties, he found that this barbarous system would only make Russia more hostile towards Germany, and would precipitate the catastrophe, in fear of which, owing to many hostile threats, the Fatherland shakes and trembles today. After he had fostered socialism, with a professor, one Wagner, he was obliged to make stringent laws against the socialists, to suppress their periodicals, to abolish their reunions, to persecute even their families, thus dissipating the oxygen of liberty so sparingly inhaled in Germany. After he had made veritable gods of the emperors, the emperors did not treat him like a high priest guarded in the inner temple; no, they gave him a kick and threw him out of power as they would have dismissed a footman from their service.

After he had most arrogantly opposed the Roman See, he was obliged to go with hair-cloth, surplice and candles to Canossa. The two political powers most abhorrent to him and most persecuted by him, with a difference of method but with the same unity of intention, were the Catholic Centre and the Socialists. But the two still possess unlimited power today in Germany. Separated, they form a very important part in the recently assembled Reichstag, but together they compose the greater part of this Chamber.

Charles V. passed his whole life fighting against Protestantism. The

red-hot irons of Mühlberg and the tortures of the Inquisition were not enough to root out and to combat such a doctrine. Fleeing from the Protestant Maurice of Saxony, who was both a rebel and a traitor, he hastened from Innsbruck to bury himself alive in the great catafalque called the Monastery of Yuste. As he passed through Valladolid, his daughter, the widowed Queen of Portugal and sister of Philip II., was celebrating *autos da fé* in the name of the heir to the Spanish throne.

Even in Yuste the persecuted belief entered his very cell. According to the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, when the great Charles V., the greatest man who ever lived, was about to die, the Archbishop of Toledo having commended his soul to God, the Archbishop Carranza, Primate of Spanish Catholics, recited to him the dogmas of Luther on predestination and grace. The bishops and monks stood around the solemn couch of the dying man who lay facing Titian's painting of "La Gloria."

He had consumed and exhausted his herculean strength only to see the ideal so faithfully followed raised aloft, resplendent, pure and powerful, at the close of life, among the currents of time and the seas of eternity.

Bismarck leaves Socialism and Catholicism more alive than ever in Germany. Oh, littleness of the great! Oh, impotence of the omnipotent! The palm of final triumph will never be that of strength, it will always be that of the ideal!

Emilio Castelar.

ETHEREAL TELEGRAPHY.*

"Tell me what electricity is," Lord Kelvin is reported to have said in the earlier part of his great career, and I will tell you all the rest." And it almost seemed, ten years ago, as if the condition precedent to his promised universal disclosure were about to be fulfilled. For Hertz's discovery of electric waves looked at first slight—at least, to those imperfectly informed as to its true meaning—like a lifting of the veil; as if the heart of the central mystery of nature were now at last about to be laid bare. In truth, however, it remained as closely shrouded as ever. The anticipated grand generalization was still far off. An outwork of the fortress of knowledge had indeed been stormed; yet it gave no access to the citadel, the capture of which will hardly signalize the close of this "century of electricity." Nor would the achievement put an end to the campaign, or enable us to bury the hatchet of investigation. There is no finality in science. Its triumphs open up more and continually more worlds to conquer. It "follows that which flies before."

Nevertheless, the progress actually realized by the Karlsruhe experiments was immense. Practical men had long been content to deal with electricity as a "form of energy"—a "something," in Mr. Preece's words, "that is generated and supplied, transformed and utilized, meted out and paid for"—a marketable commodity, capable of

storage, the subject of "deals" on the Stock Exchange, a mainspring of company-promotion. Under this exclusive aspect it was regarded by electrical engineers. Their concern was, not with the intimate nature of the agency employed by them, but with its competence and performance. Physicists, on the other hand, make a profession of curiosity. They are a prying crew, always seeking to get beneath the surface of things, and fixing their attention rather on the *why* than on the *what*. Hence the versatile and subtle entity bottled up in "accumulators" was a source of particular trouble to them—was and is, since a definition of electricity involves as large a speculative element as ever. But it has, at any rate, been caught in transit; the mode of despatch, by which it sends influence from point to point, has come to be understood; the make and movement of the ethereal disturbances started by it have been rendered visible to the inner eye.

The truths proved in 1888 had, it is true, been already anticipated. Science had for some decades been groping for what it was then enabled to grasp. The last links were added to a long chain. Yet it took no ordinary man to forge them. Heinrich Hertz brought to bear upon his brilliant intuitions the genius of hard work. He shaped them mathematically, he hammered at them experimentally, testing thoughts with the

*1. "Electric Waves." By Dr. Heinrich Hertz. Translated by D. E. Jones, B.Sc. London: 1893.

2. "Miscellaneous Papers." By Heinrich Hertz. Authorized English translation by D. E. Jones, B.Sc., and G. A. Schott, B.Sc. London: 1896.

3. "Electric Signalling Without Wires." By W. H. Preece. Journal of the Society of Arts, February 23, 1894.

4. "Telegraphy Across Space." By Silvanus P. Thompson. Journal of the Society of Arts, April 1, 1898.

5. "The Work of Hertz and Some of His Successors." By Professor Oliver Lodge, F.R.S. London: 1894.

6. "Wireless Telegraphy Popularly Explained." By Richard Kerr, F.G.S. London: 1898.

help of things. Born at Hamburg in 1857, he was placed at twenty in the engineering schools of Munich; but the passion for natural science was strong upon him, and after a year he repaired to Berlin as a pupil of Helmholtz and Kirchhoff. There, a prize question proposed in 1879 by the Academy of Sciences turned his attention to electro-magnetic problems; seven years of study and meditation followed, until at last, through his appointment as Professor of Physics in the Polytechnic at Karlsruhe, the patiently awaited opportunity arrived in the command of a full equipment of laboratory apparatus. He was prompt to make it "shine in use;" and in four years rounded off a cycle of experiments, the results of which were embodied in twelve "epoch-making" papers, translated into English by Professor Jones under the title of "Electric Waves." Their merit was recognized by the author's transference to the chair of Clausius at Bonn, and in this country by the bestowal of the Rumford Medal in December 1890. Some of the many English friends made by him on the occasion of receiving it vividly recall subsequent excursions to the Siebengebirge in his genial company, and social evenings at his house in the Quantius-Strasse. He was in buoyant spirits; success, almost visionary in its brilliancy, had crowned his efforts so far, and untold possibilities lay ahead. But scarcely had the present realized that it possessed him, when already he belonged to the past.

A malignant disease of the throat, borne with singular sweetness, carried him off on New Year's Day, 1894, in his thirty-seventh year. His career, externally like that of every other German professor, had been inspired from the first by the lofty ideal expressed in Schiller's couplet:

Und setzet Ihr nicht das Leben ein,
Nie wird Euch das Leben gewonnen
sein.

The loss of Hertz to science was inestimable; for he was pushing on, and could not but go far, in more than one direction. But along the special line of his first achievements he might very possibly have made no further advance. His performance was complete and entire—*teres atque rotundus*; as he left it, so it is likely essentially to remain for some time, unless, as sometimes happens, novel theoretical views should develop through the stress of practical applications. Hertz not only demonstrated the agency of ethereal undulations in the propagation of electric force, but made them tangible and tractable; and it is just these "Hertzian waves" that are availed of in "Wireless Telegraphy." Charged with messages at one side of an unbridged interval, they deliver them all but instantaneously at the other, crossing space without any kind of material intervention. Their place in nature is, however, well ascertained. They belong to a perfectly familiar sequence of phenomena. Let us briefly explain:

During the first third of the present century the ideas prevalent regarding the mode of electrical action were of an exceedingly crude type. Attractions and repulsions, no less than the mysterious "influence," by which charges on conductors evoked charges of an opposite sort on other conductors in their vicinity, were set down as effects of "action at a distance," a phrase significant of nothing save mental helplessness. The vague scheme of thought passing muster for a theory on the subject was gravely compromised by Oerstedt's discovery, in 1820, of the mutual relations between magnets and electric currents. The complexities introduced were really inconsistent with its principles;

yet it did not immediately collapse. To the profoundly meditative mind of Faraday, however, the traditional views seemed utterly inadequate. He looked rather to space than to matter for an explanation of the phenomena. Their actuality lay for him in *what went on in the medium*. For a medium there must be—something capable of propagating stress. What electricity and magnetism might be in themselves he did not stop to inquire; his main concern was with the lines of force, to him as evident as if traced out in a diagram manifesting their presence and power. He got far enough to realize that the problem of electrical transmission by oscillations of the ethereal medium blocked the way, but lacked the mathematical resources needed for an effective assault upon it. They were possessed in an eminent degree by his successor, James Clerk Maxwell, whose presentation to the Royal Society of a paper embodying a convincing array of arguments in favor of the electro-magnetic nature of light made the year 1864 memorable in scientific annals. "It is impossible," Hertz asserted in a lecture delivered at Heidelberg, September 20, 1889,¹ "to study this wonderful theory without feeling as if the mathematical equations had an independent life and intelligence of their own, as if they were wiser than ourselves, wiser than their discoverer, as if they gave forth more than he had put into them."

With the instinct of supreme ability, Maxwell laid hold of a clue to guide him through the labyrinth. It consisted in the agreement of the velocity of light with a certain "constant," or "natural quantity of definite magnitude," itself a velocity, indicating "the relation between electro-static and

electro-magnetic phenomena."² In other words, the number in question is the factor, by which the system of measurements used for stationary electric charges is transformed into that applied to flowing electric currents, or the ratio of the evaluation of the same quantity in the two systems.³ The coincidence of this number with the rate of light-travel implies nothing less than that the vehicles of light and electricity are the same; and the circumstance is noteworthy that it was detected through persistent efforts to reduce electricity to fixed standards, and thus render an elusive agency of nature available for man's service and accessible to his researches.

Clerk Maxwell's theory had adherents; but they were "fit and few." It was "caviare to the general"—one of the things Francis Bacon would have counselled to be *laid by* for future use. Only those inured to breathe the finest air of symbolical reasoning—the hardy mountaineers of mathematics—could appreciate the cogency of the arguments brought to bear; and experimental verification was wanting to it until supplied by Hertz. The test-question was this. Is electrical induction progressive or instantaneous in its mode of production? Has its manifestation at a distance any relation to time? If so, electro-magnetic actions and reactions take place in a medium, which can hardly be any other than the "ether" of space, the propagator throughout the universe of luminous vibrations. By means of contrivances equally simple and ingenious the critical point was settled once for all in 1886.

Every abrupt electrical disturbance is of an oscillatory character. There is an overshooting of the mark, so to speak, and a consequent rebound,

¹ Miscellaneous Papers, p. 318.

² Maxwell, "Electricity and Magnetism," vol. II., p. 308.

³ Corau, "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes," 1893, B. 73.

hundreds of thousands of times repeated in a small fraction of a second. The discharge of a Leyden jar is a familiar example. In the mechanical order the swing of a pendulum, the release of a compressed spring, give rise to corresponding effects, inertia finding its analogue in the curious phenomenon of "self-induction," by which electrical vibrations are magnetically "damped." For the medium is, in a manner, rendered viscous by the instantaneous creation of magnetic fields. These "surings,"⁴ as Maxwell had foreseen, start waves, which will run along a wire, if a wire be at hand; otherwise they spread abroad in all directions. They vary in length with the capacity of the originating apparatus from hundreds of miles to a few inches, those given by a jar of average size measuring about two hundred feet from crest to crest. Hertz's first care was to reduce such colossal billows to waves of manageable proportions, and he did so by substituting for the Leyden jar an "oscillator" composed of a metallic hoop armed with two knobs, across the interval separating which the originating discharge was made to pass. With a "resonator" of similar construction and the same capacity—that is, tuned to the same electrical note—he was able to detect answering sparks. They were scarcely one-hundredth of a millimetre long; they lasted but the millionth part of a second; their visibility seemed incredible, something too good to be true. It was a *sine quâ non* to the prosecution of the research. "Upon this thin thread," the experimenter averred, "hung the success of our undertaking." Apart from the perception of responsive excitement in the receiver, the determination of "nodal points" would have been impossible, and here precisely lay the crux. These are con-

gruous with positions of silence in acoustics, where direct and reflected tones neutralize one another, and their electrical occurrence at once vindicated the propagatory theory of induction. For they showed the annulment of certain oscillations by successors travelling along a shorter path, hence demonstrably with a finite velocity. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

Thus the end immediately in view was reached; but its attainment marked only a fresh beginning. The nature of the mutually interfering disturbances had now to be searched out, and this, within less than two years, was completely accomplished. Their wave length was given by the intervals between the "dead points" where sparks ceased to pass; their shape and speed proved to be those of luminous vibrations. To all intents and purposes the transmission of energy from the oscillator to the receiver was effected by the agency of sub-sensible light. All the standard experiments were carried out with the new waves. They were reflected, refracted, concentrated, polarized, in accordance with optical laws. Seeming anomalies, indeed, in their relations to ordinary matter were inevitable, and had been foreseen. They passed freely, for instance, through brick or stone walls, while lenses, not of crystal, but of pitch or sulphur, had to be employed to bring them to a focus. These singularities, however, resulted merely from the enormous difference of scale between the two orders of phenomena. Vibrations a million times longer than those causing the sensation of yellow light would be short on the electrical gamut, yet they are otherwise indistinguishable from them.

Hertzian waves are then literally light "writ large." They traverse at the same rate the same ethereal medium; they obey strictly the same laws;

⁴ Lodge, "Nature," vol. 1., p. 134.

their magnitude alone withdraws them from direct perception. Their case is similar, though opposite, to that of the Röntgen rays. Well might the inventor of the means for bringing them within our proximate cognizance declare the connection between light and electricity to have been thereby rendered "accessible to the senses and intelligible to the understanding." But while both departments of knowledge had their boundaries enlarged by the discovery, optics was now relegated to the rank of "a small appendage to the great domain of electricity." "This latter," Hertz continued in the lecture already referred to,⁵ "has become a mighty kingdom. We perceive electricity in a thousand places where we had before no proof of its existence. In every flame, in every luminous particle, we see an electrical process. Even if a body is not luminous, provided it radiates heat, it is a centre of electrical disturbances. Thus the domain of electricity extends over the whole of nature."

And now we come to the practical outcome of this splendid generalization. Not that the arts of life must necessarily profit by every gain in abstract science. "Fruit and works" do not always at once present themselves to act as "sponsors and sureties of philosophic truth." In the present case, however, use followed fast upon detection, and "Hertzian waves" were promptly and definitely taken into the service of man. What is commonly, though inaccurately, spoken of as "wireless telegraphy" is of three kinds—"conductive," "inductive," and "Hertzian." In the first, the earth itself, or a sheet of water, carries the current, and

the possibility of thus establishing communication between England and France was suggested by Wilkins, a telegraph-engineer, as long ago as 1849.⁶ In 1854 James Bowman Lindsay,⁷ the learned weaver of Dundee, who twenty years before had succeeded in lighting his single room by electricity, and whose name we miss in the "Dictionary of National Biography," patented an invention on this principle, which he illustrated with some success on Tay-side, while within the last ten years a practical correspondence has been maintained across some of the great Indian rivers on a somewhat similar plan, devised by Mr. Melhuish. We might be tempted to assert that further developments are not to be expected in this direction, were it not that Mr. Tesla, whose ingenuity is not easily balked, is said to have turned his attention thitherward.

Inductive telegraphy goes back to 1842, when Morse and Gale experimented with parallel wires along the banks of the Susquehanna River. It became, however, a workable reality only through the persevering efforts of Mr. W. H. Preece, electrician to the Post Office. The introduction of the telephone in 1877 gave, as it were, the *éclat* of audibility to electric commotions due to the mutual action of properly arranged distant circuits. But since the line laid *along* each margin of the gap to be *ethereally* spanned must be of sufficient length to *cross* it, the system can scarcely be described as "wireless." It is, however, a going concern. The apparatus set up by Mr. Preece is in daily use by the War Office for sending messages from

⁵ Miscellaneous Papers, p. 326. A word of commendation is due to Professor Jones's excellent translation of the various works of Hertz, comprised in the two collections of which the titles are prefixed to this article.

⁶ Bright, "Submarine Telegraphs," p. 196.

⁷ In the "Dundee Advertiser" of April 11,

1834, "Lindsay had predicted that 'houses and towns will, in a short time be lighted by electricity instead of gas, and heated by it instead of coals, and machinery will be wrought by it instead of steam, all at a trifling expense.'" (Kerr's "Wireless Telegraphy.")

Lavernock Point to the island of Flat Holm, in the Bristol Channel, a distance of over three miles. At Steep Holm, two miles further off still, the telephones in the receiving circuit gave out confused sounds when the requisite alternating currents were transmitted through the primary on shore; but their differentiation into signals was impossible. In view of this strict limitation of range, Mr. Preece's speculations, in his able lecture of 1894 at the Society of Arts, on the possibility of inter-planetary conversation, seem a trifle hazardous. Even Bacon, however, now and again loosened the rein of stern methodical reasoning, so that we may well make allowance for the vagaries when "on pleasure bent" of the *intellectus sibi permissus*. On these terms Mr. Preece may be indulged with a recreative excursion into space.

"Strange mysterious sounds," he tells us, "are heard all along telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of night. Earth currents are found in telegraph-circuits, and the Aurora Borealis lights up our northern sky when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space, in sympathy with those required to affect telephones, it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunder-storm in the sun. If any of the planets be populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in telegraphic order, it would be possible for us to hold commune by telephone with the people of Mars."

The conditions being remote from realization, and likely to continue so, the case need not be argued.

The capabilities of "inductive," or

"base-line," telegraphy have probably been exhausted by Mr. Preece. Such cumbrous arrangements as those at Lavernock and Flat Holm are not likely to be extensively reproduced, especially since a greatly more facile method has become available. No sooner were the Hertzian waves known to exist than their employment for signalling purposes came into view as one of the possibilities of the immediate future. By a common impulse, electricians strove towards its realization. Dr. Oliver Lodge was one of the earliest to achieve a measure of success. Professor Righi in Italy, Sarasin, De la Rive, Edouard Branly in France, Chunder Bose at Calcutta, Popoff at St. Petersburg, made successive improvements in the transmitting and receiving instruments; little more than a skilful combination of the prepared elements was needed for the satisfactory attainment of the end in prospect. This organizing faculty was brought to bear upon the subject by Guglielmo Marconi, an Anglo-Italian born at Bologna in 1875. His originality has been sharply contested; nor indeed can any striking invention be claimed for him. He introduced no new principle; the devices that he adopted were, in essentials, already before the world; he merely incorporated them, with consummate adroitness, into an entirely practicable scheme. This may not seem much; but it is all-important where the business of every-day life is concerned. Unwieldy machines may possess all the perfections of Orlando's horse, but they share his one fatal defect; they are *dead* and ready to be buried.

Signor Marconi brought his system to this country in 1896, and was immediately employed by the Post Office authorities to demonstrate its merits on Salisbury Plain. Perceived at once to be very remarkable, they were

shortly afterwards more fully displayed by signalling operations across the Bristol Channel, between Penarth and Brean Down, a clear interval of nine miles. The mode of accomplishment of this unprecedented feat was explained by Mr. Preece, June 4, 1897, in a lecture at the Royal Institution, before a crowded and curious audience, gratified, besides, by an exhibition of wireless telegraphy on the premises. A month later, the Italian inventor was officially experimenting at Spezzia on the maintenance of ship-and-shore communications, and so prosperously as to keep in electrical touch with the ironclad "San Martino" until she had steamed twelve miles out from the Arsenal. The engagement of his services by the Wireless Telegraph Company gave to a surprising scientific novelty the stamp of a commercial enterprise. Stations were established early in the present year, and are in regular ethereal connection, at Bournemouth and Alum Bay, nearly fifteen miles apart; and a third has lately been added at Durlston Castle, near Swanage, just eighteen miles from the Isle of Wight installation. This is the longest stretch so far spanned by "wireless" signals.

The superiority of the Marconi apparatus is largely due to its simplicity. The details of its construction are popularly explained and illustrated in Mr. Kerr's useful little book, quoted at the head of this article; here we can give only some general indications as to its nature. The transmitter consists of two small brass spheres, fitted in an insulated case, and half immersed in oil for the regularizing of the emitted radiations, one end being connected to earth, the other with an elevated conductor. The current is supplied by a powerful induction-coil, controlled by a Morse key. Thus the waves that travel abroad, as the sparks pass between the globular ter-

minals, are impressed *ab initio* with communications in the familiar "dot-and-dash" alphabet—communications legible unfortunately, since here we meet a serious defect in the system, equally by authorized and unauthorized readers. They can be picked up, through easy contrivances, at any point over the widening circuit of undulatory diffusion.

Marconi's receiver is of an exquisitely ingenious type. Its *vital part* is the minute instrument called by Dr. Lodge, who in 1893 modified it, a "coherer"—by M. Branly, who in 1890 invented it, a "radio-conductor." As used by Signor Marconi, it is an exhausted glass tube less than two inches long and one-tenth of an inch in diameter, with sealed-in conducting wires, separated by a shallow layer of nickel and silver filings. These, in their ordinary loose state, are almost perfect insulators; but no sooner are they impinged upon by Hertzian waves than they cohere and conduct. Dr. Lodge describes the effect as "a singular variety of electric welding" in which "the momentary electric quiver acts as if it were a flux." A highly sensitive detector is thus obtained; and its sensitiveness is increased by the attachment to it of an insulated wire raised to a height of about a hundred feet, which serves to collect vibrations running to waste in the sky. The restoration to the coherer of its detective efficacy is brought about by the automatic action of a "tapper," started by the passing of the current, which loosens the metallic particles in the tube, and renders them once more non-conductive. These alternate makings and breakings of the circuit at longer and shorter intervals, corresponding to the dots and dashes of the code, are the means by which the messages intrusted many miles away to the ether

* Nature, vol. 1., p. 137.

are delivered. They are recorded in the usual way by a Morse ink-writer. The current excited is indeed too feeble directly to do the work required of it, but it suffices to actuate a delicate relay by which a more powerful battery is thrown into the circuit.*

The Hertzian waves thus employed are about forty-eight inches long, and since they travel with the velocity of light, or (in round numbers) 186,000 miles a second, 250,000,000 of them strike the Branly tube at each beat of the pendulum. Their effect can be intensified by *tuning* expedients, such as the attachment to the coherer of copper "wings" for bringing its capacity into agreement with that of the remote transmitter. The two instruments are then like a pair of tuning-forks in unison, each vibrating sympathetically with the other. Dr. Lodge rightly lays great stress on this point, while the Marconi apparatus seems to lend itself imperfectly to the "Sharp syntonization" important for securing secrecy no less than for augmenting range. As regards this latter purpose, however, the chief desideratum is some means of concentrating the radiations. While permitted to diverge indefinitely, they can never be operative at any considerable distance from their source. For the development of this method of telegraphy, it is essential that, by the addition of reflective or refractive appliances to the "oscillator," the undulations setting out from it should issue in a parallel beam.

Dr. Slaby, of the Technical High School at Charlottenburg, near Berlin, announced last year as the result of some important trials undertaken at Imperial instigation, that the signalling distance varied proportionately to the height of the vertical conductor.⁹ An altitude, for example, of 260 feet

would, he computed, be needed for the ethereal bridging of the Strait of Dover; while a wire lifted to a mile and a fifth might lend power to cross the Atlantic. *Might*—for the case is highly problematical, the earth's roundness interposing an obstacle unquestionably serious, and probably fatal to the immediate transmission of electrical undulations over the shoulder of the globe. Dr. Slaby is an avowed and signally successful imitator of Signor Marconi's methods; and the Emperor promptly recognized the value of his labors, not only by nominating him personally a life-member of the Prussian Upper Chamber, but by conferring upon the Charlottenburg institution the permanent privilege of representation in that august assembly.

And now, we inevitably ask ourselves, what place is "ethereal telegraphy" destined to take in the history of invention? Will it rank among the *big things* of the future, or come to be regarded as a mere toy of science, diverting curiosity rather than subserving everyday wants? Prophecy is notoriously unsafe, yet the modest prediction may be ventured that some form of signalling with Hertzian waves will make part of the marvellous heritage of practical discoveries devolving from the nineteenth century upon its successor. Of much that is claimed for it, it will doubtless fall short. Inflated anticipations must collapse. Prevalent methods will scarcely be superseded, although they may most usefully be supplemented by the new device. Material conducting-lines cannot for many a long day, if ever, be abolished; the jubilee of submarine telegraphy in 1901 will assuredly not be held in commemoration of an extinct contrivance. No revolution is then imminent. The addition to the resources of civilized mankind made by wireless telegraphy is of a subordi-

* Electrical Review, June 11, 1897.

⁹ Ibid. December 3, 1897.

nate, if of an extremely significant, kind. In the exigencies of war, above all, it might prove of vital consequence. The hostile raids of wire-cutters would, by its means, be rendered comparatively innocuous. From point to point along the coast intelligence could be transmitted in disregard of them through a medium that "closes up behind" if "cut away before." The mischiefs of cable-lifting would similarly be in part neutralized. Submarine connexion will almost certainly very soon become superfluous between adjacent islands—between, for instance, Great Britain and Ireland, the Orkneys, Shetlands, Hebrides, and the Channel group. In military and naval operations this mode of signalling ought to prove invaluable. The galloping *aide-de-camp* may perchance be eliminated from the battle-field; the flutter of tell-tale bunting need no longer be anxiously watched for at the mast-head, and the flag-code may rest undisturbed in the captain's cabin. A successful experiment in sea-telegraphy was made at the Kingstown Regatta on July 20 last, when a steam tug, carrying Signor Marconi and a transmitter, followed the yachts out to the Kish-light, and the earliest news of the progress of the race, despatched across ten miles of empty air, appeared in successive editions of the "Evening Mail." The sky happened to be serene; but Hertzian waves are as indifferent to weather as stormy petrels; they travel with the same ease in tempest, fog, or sunshine. This robustness of constitution adapts them peculiarly for one of their primary tasks—the office, that is, of keeping up communication with lightships and island lighthouses. Another valuable illustration of the coming uses of wireless telegraphy was afforded at a recent electrical exhibition in New York by Mr. W. Clarke's results in exploding distant mines. A Branly co-

herer is attached to each; this being acted upon by Hertzian waves, set up by the sparking of an exciter on shore, allows the passage of a local current which determines the explosion. Thus the sunken defences of a fort can be entirely isolated, and need no longer offer to an enemy vulnerable lines of connection with batteries on *terra firma*. Moreover, they could probably be shielded from electrical destruction by metallic screens properly disposed. Very little is yet known about the transmission of waves of this type through water; but it seems to be in some measure impeded by reflections at its surface.

The mystery attaching to this novel species of telegraphy is, after all, largely an effect of the unaccustomed imagination. As Mr. Preece remarked in his discourse before the Society of Arts: "It is very difficult to convert the human mind from one mode of thought to another. We have been so trained to regard currents of electricity as something flowing in one unbroken circuit, that their temporary condition as waves of energy in space is hard to realize;" especially in the absence of an *electrical sense*. Our organisms vibrate sympathetically to the minute disturbances started by the radiating atom, but make no response to the huge commotions set on foot by the discharge of an electrified condenser. The ether might pulsate for ever at the comparatively slow rate of a few hundred million times a second without the smallest answering throb reaching our consciousness. The long rollers of electricity demand special treatment in order to bring them within the range of mediate or immediate perception. They were discerned intellectually many years before they could be made physically apparent.

Their manifestation put the finishing touch to the so-called Victorian "dis-

covery" of the luminiferous ether. And here we come to a veritable Wonderland. We touch the basis of matter, the substratum of energy, without the possibility of divining their mutual relations. One is as inexplicable as the other. Dr. Lodge, who is deeper than most in the inwardness of things, sketches as follows what he has been able to make out in the dim twilight of nature's penetralia: "One continuous

substance filling all space; which can vibrate as light; which can be sheared into positive and negative electricity, which in whirls constitutes matter; and which transmits by continuity, and not by impact, every action and reaction of which matter is capable. This is the modern view of the ether and its functions."¹¹

He that runs may read; but how much does he understand?

Edinburgh Review.

¹¹ "Modern Views of Electricity," p. 416.

"SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR."

(A Latin Version.)

Animæ Sol, Jesu, nostræ,
Quo præsentē nox fugatur,
Nulla quæ te tuos celet
Terra nubes oriatur!

Oculos quum dulce lassos
Mulcet almi ros soporis,
Reminiscar te daturum
Summam requiem laboris.

Tu per lucem, sub tenebras,
Mecum mane; nec vivenda
Vita sine te, nec atrae
Hora mortis est ferenda.

Si quis hodie tuorum
Deum spreverit vocantem,
Parce, Jesu, filiumque
Malo libera vagantem.

Aegris adside, divinis
Dita coplis egentes;
Somno, qualem dormit infans,
Preme lacrimas fluentes.

Mane veni nos beatum
Iter vitæ quum novatur,
Donec amor infinitus
Nos in caelo complectatur.

The Athenæum.

W. R. Kennedy.

CONSTANCE.*

BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).Translated for *The Living Age* by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

CHAPTER XII.

When the poor child recovered consciousness she was lying at full length on the sofa; her father was leaning over her, making her inhale vinegar, and she felt as if she had awakened from some frightful dream. Nevertheless she smiled faintly at her father, as if to reassure him. He answered by a smile, though he was almost as pale as she.

"Well, well! What was it, my little girl? A fainting fit?—a vertigo? I told you some time ago that you were not well, you looked so badly."

He had made up his mind what he should do during the minutes of agony he had passed while bringing her to her senses. He had determined never to allude to the too evident cause of her fainting fit.

"It is nothing, dear father, I am better already," she said, making an effort to rise.

The blood mounted to her face, so ashamed was she at the thought of having allowed even her father to guess a secret which was now a culpable one. But of this secret Dr. Vidal was resolved to understand nothing.

"You are right," he said. "It is no great matter. A little bromide, a good sleep, and to-morrow you will feel all right. But your father is a doctor and you must do as he tells you about your health. Medicines will not do so much for you; in some cases change of air is necessary. Since that little feverish

attack you had in the spring you have not quite gained your strength. You need a change of air and some amusement. Don't think I am laughing at you; amusement is the best remedy for many things, and for some little time I have been planning a surprise for you which will prove to you I am not so selfish as I seem. You have often wanted to go to Paris to visit your godmother—well, you shall go—ah! now I hope you are pleased! You shall go. We will take the opportunity offered by *Mme. Labusquette's* journey; she is going to Paris next week" (*Mme. Labusquette* was related to *Mme. Duranton*). "Yes, I'll trust you to the care of *Mme. Labusquette*. What do you think of it? I did not mean to tell you of it till the last moment, but it seems to me that the prospect of such a pleasure will help you to get well. You would not like to show your godmother, would you, the face of an invalid? How delighted she will be to see you! The only person sacrificed to make you both happy will be your poor papa—Are you laughing, you ungrateful girl?—Oh, one's children!"

And the good man kissed his daughter, showered caresses upon her, and was proud of his little subterfuge, which had not indeed deceived her, but for which she was grateful. To pretend to believe that she was out of health and needed change, to spare her all necessity of planning the necessary separation between herself and *M. de Glynne*—what kindness, what delicacy! And she fervently returned her father's kisses, saying over and

* Copyright by *The Living Age Co.*

over, "Yes I am glad, very glad—you spoil me too much;" although her heart seemed ready to burst.

How often had she wished to go to Paris! Who would have said that it would have become associated with such a deception, with such terrible pain!

But there was a brave spirit in this little, delicate Constance. The next morning, when Henriette came to her bedside to ask the news, she had the courage to respond, "Great news, indeed, an unexpected triumph; I am going to see my godmother!" With apparent gayety she put in order the simple gowns she meant to carry, and her father enjoined her to get everything else "up there" that might give her pleasure.

To the very last she was brave, supported by her pride, but still more by the Christian resignation which had sunk deep into her soul from childhood. As she looked into her own heart, she perceived that her unacknowledged love had for a season almost superseded all that till then had been dearest and most precious—God, her mother, and her aspirations heavenward, which had hitherto kept her from being lonely or unhappy. But now she was unhappy, for love, which she now knew to be a forbidden love, had brought into her heart anguish and despair.

The blow that had laid her prostrate at the feet of her father had revealed to her as well as to him the depth and strength of a feeling which had for months been silently making it way in her heart. What a trial was this for a conscience such as hers. Her mother had written in her little blue note-book that love belonged to heaven, and that to drag it down to earth involved great peril. Constance had given her love, not knowing that she gave it, and now she must pay dearly for a few days of madness.

And yet she could not regret that her love had been given; she could not take it back again. But no one must know the truth—unless her godmother, perhaps—

Perhaps this fairy godmother whom she was going to see would give her light and consolation, would tell her what her mother would have done in similar circumstances. Yet she no longer had any great curiosity to see Paris or even Mme. Latour-Ambert. Nothing now seemed worth her interest. She had drunk that fiery draught which makes all others seem lukewarm and tasteless. And how had it all happened? Had she dreamed the sweet dream alone, without the aid of the object of this absurd enthusiasm? In vain she tried to recall whether he had ever encouraged her by a single word; but it was his look, the accent of his voice, his persistence in coming every day to see her; it was everything, in short—everything! What need had there been of words?

Raoul had only spoken to arouse the intervention of the doctor, to forge a weapon against himself. And that was a proof that he loved her. Else why should he be afraid of her? Why otherwise should he of his own free will have set up this barrier between them? He had done his duty, cost him what it might, and she loved him the more for it! But ought not a sense of duty to have compelled him to speak sooner? Yet, for this hesitation, for this weakness, above all, she loved him. He had only been able to speak after a cruel effort and at the last extremity!

M. de Glynne did not come again to the Priory before the hurried departure of Constance. The father and daughter put a good face on the matter up to the end. It was not until the morning of the day on which they were about to part—for how long they knew not—that the doctor, unable to forbear,

said, as he pressed his daughter to his heart:

"Forgive me, dear—forgive your father for having seen nothing, comprehended nothing, for having failed to watch over his dear daughter. I am rightly punished."

And a tear came into his eyes, a rare tear, for he was a man accustomed to look calmly on at scenes of life or death. Constance's lips stayed it on its way.

"Papa! my dear papa! Let us only talk of Paris. I shall be there to-morrow. I will write to you constantly. And when I come back," she added, still persisting in the fiction he had invented for her, "you will see how strong and well I shall be!"

With great calmness she begged him to return to M. de Glynne a volume of Dante he had lent her. Between its leaves her trembling hand had placed a purple flower of wild thyme, her voluntary gift now. She marked the passage which has thrilled so many sad hearts: "There is no greater grief than to remember in sorrow our days of joy." She laid the flower in this place with a feeling of timid hesitation. If Raoul had really once secretly picked up her little bouquet, he would understand her meaning; if not, he would think the flower had dropped there by mere chance and it would tell him nothing. After all, it could matter little what conclusion he might draw from it; Constance felt so sure that she should never see him again. When she returned to the Priory he would have left the Park, forever probably, certainly for years. All was over.

That night she wept softly under her veil, in the train which was bearing her to Paris.

Mme. Labusquette, who noticed this, was quite touched:

"How the child loves her father!" she thought, "but bah! she is young!

After a few days of amusement in the great city she will not think of him."

A secret envy consumed Mme. Labusquette, in spite of her forty years, when she thought of the aristocratic pleasures in the "best society," unattainable by her, a simple native of Nérac, which awaited Mlle. Constance Vidal at the home of her godmother, a baroness, whose husband had been an ambassador in foreign lands.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is hard to realize the ideal picture formed by a young enthusiast, who, ever since she could think at all, has been thinking about you, without knowing you, and whose fancy has draped you with all perfections. Mme. de Latour-Ambert was ill-adapted to come victorious out of such a trial, especially on a first meeting, for she had not that attraction of grace and goodness which survives the charm of youth and finds its way at once to stranger hearts.

The first impression made on Constance at the sight of her godmother was one of vague disappointment. She knew something of her appearance from a little water-color which her mother had once painted and had brought with her to Nérac. This portrait represented a very young girl with much color in her cheeks, and whose bright complexion and expressive features made her look, not exactly beautiful, but extremely pleasing.

The loving hand that had painted the portrait had not reproduced a certain hardness of expression which the eyes could sometimes take under their thick brown brows, and Constance was not enough of a physiognomist to have interpreted rightly the narrowness of the arched forehead, the pinched lips, the look of *hauteur* about the thin nostrils, the hardness, in short, of the lines of the whole face.

The twenty years that had passed since the portrait of Marie de Vardes was taken might also have accounted for deeper lines in her features, which had grown more marked as time went on.

However that might be, the traveler who came out from the railway carriage would never have thought that this woman with powdered hair, and dressed with severe elegance, who was imperiously asking information of the railroad employés, could be the Marie whose influence had been so great over her mother's destiny. The effect that Constance produced upon her godmother was on the contrary quite different. A tortoise shell lorgnette, directed at the train from compartment to compartment, paused suddenly, as if its owner had received a severe shock, and Constance heard a stifled exclamation—"Marguerite!"

Then without even glancing at Mme. Labusquette, who was making profound courtesies, the baroness drew suddenly to her heart the living image of the dear friend of her youth, the woman who had in truth been the sole genuine affection of her life. Few words were exchanged. Constance was closely clasped in an embrace more cordial than she could have expected from her first impression of Mme. de Latour-Ambert; but already she found herself thinking that benevolent fairies often take the form of elderly and unprepossessing women.

Her godmother was not, however, quite old enough for the benevolent godmother of a fairy tale. She was at the most trying age, an age whose ravages must be redeemed by moral beauty, and that was not reflected in her fallow face, now lined with many wrinkles which the light shade of her thin veil did not seem to hide. Bitterness, disappointment and discontent were visible in each one of those wrinkles, for they had been the work

of lost illusions, together perhaps with other griefs, though these had been endured without excess of feeling.

After at last saying a few words of thanks to the kind person who had escorted her goddaughter to Paris, Mme. de Latour-Ambert ordered the footman who accompanied her to look after the baggage, and bore off Constance as if she were her prey. When they were both in the little coupé, which drove rapidly along towards the upper part of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, the baroness repeated several times the words, "At last! At last!" with tears shining in her eyes. Something she had ardently desired and for which she had impatiently waited had come into her life.

"So your father," she said in a tone which showed a real bitterness through her emotion, "so your father at last decided to let you come? I fancied he would forever find pretexts for disappointing me. But, my darling, I have always had great need of you."

Constance replied sweetly that it was rather the goddaughters who had need of their godmothers, and that she dared not think the need could be reciprocal.

"You speak just like *her*," exclaimed Mme. de Latour-Ambert, "the same slight accent, so fresh, and the same little laugh that I used to tell her was not gay enough—But she was taller—"

"And so beautiful!" said Constance.

"Oh, you will do very well in that respect, my dear." And the pale lips of Mme. de Latour-Ambert gave place to a kindly smile which was not habitual with them. Her little, sharp, pointed teeth were very white and looked strangely young in a face so worn and withered.

"Don't be too modest," she went on; "it is we who are so glad of your visit.

You are doing a good work in bringing your youth and your interests into a house where we are very stupid people and where there is much suffering. But all that ought to tempt you, if you are as much like your mother in mind as you are in person; she was always ready to sacrifice herself for others. I never met any one who resembled her."

"Oh, my mother was a saint!" cried Constance.

"A perfectly lovely saint! What a pity that she married so far away!" continued Mme. de Latour-Ambert, always recurring to herself and thus betraying her egotism. She apparently forgot that it was her own marriage that had sent Marguerite Duranton back to her home in Gascony.

"Your presence, my pet, will cheer up two lonely old people," repeated the baroness.

And Constance answered rather sadly, "I will do my best."

She could not but reflect that at that moment she was not in a state to cheer up any one. Her new friends, on the contrary, seemed to lean on her. The rôles were reversed. Already, as she looked at her godmother, she felt more and more how difficult it would be to treat her with entire confidence.

After a few minutes silence, during which the carriage rolled on rapidly, the baroness continued in a tone of authority:

"It is very important for you, at your age, to see a little of the world. You might otherwise, for want of experience, take one of those resolutions which people repent to the end of their lives. Marriage is a very serious problem."

Constance blushed and silently thought that she should never marry.

"It is a lottery, they say," went on Mme. de Latour-Ambert. "Maybe it is a lottery, but still one must not take

chances in it without good knowledge beforehand."

She sighed, and Constance understood the sigh when a few minutes later she was presented to the baron. He was a very decrepit old man, who never could be, however, what we call venerable. Yet in spite of his being small and bent with infirmity, he still kept what Mlle. de Vardes had once been pleased to call his "grand air." No one can tell what gives it, and it can never be imitated. Doubled up as he was in his easy-chair, with one side partially paralyzed, M. de Latour-Ambert still retained something of this distinction. Unfortunately it was not sufficient to compensate those around him for his irritability and for the sarcasms with which he liked to season his least remark, generally dictated by bad temper.

He rose when his wife, entering the salon where he was sitting half asleep, announced Constance Vidal in a loud voice, for he was very deaf; and his manner of regarding the young girl was that of a connoisseur absolutely satisfied. He muttered "Charming!" between his toothless gums, and kissed her ungloved hand. Constance had never been saluted in that fashion. But everything was alike new to her in her godmother's household, although, clever as she was and ready to assimilate things new to her, she did not allow herself to show a particle of surprise.

In the *appartement* which the De Latour-Amberts occupied, the ground floor or *rez-de-chaussée* of a very handsome house which stood back, as the term is, *entre cour et jardin*, everything showed faithful adherence to the *régime* of the past. One could see grouped in an almost tragic fashion about this old man who had once played an important part in the political world, spectres of the past; the Emperor Napoleon III, as Flandrin

had the intelligence to see and comprehend him, rendering so well the strange seductiveness of his half closed eyes; the Empress seated among her ladies like Calypso among her nymphs—two excellent copies of the original pictures; then the bust of a boy, the Prince Imperial, whose sweet expression made the horror of his destiny the greater by contrast; and scattered about everywhere, on the tables and the *consoles*, were photographs of former friends, most of them dead, who had been personages of distinction under the Second Empire. A glass case held the decorations of a number of foreign orders and the snuff-boxes enriched with diamonds which had been given to M. de Latour-Ambert by foreign sovereigns when he was an ambassador.

Constance heard names connected with the wars in Italy and the Crimea; she saw on the very day of her arrival an illustrious marshal who had won fame in those wars, walking alive in the very salon which seemed to her so funereal, so much like a necropolis. Her youthful mind was much impressed by these relics of a time which though not remote had so wholly passed away; they seemed like a mute protestation against the present, which contrasted with them even in least details.

She noticed several things in the course of that first day. Mme. de Latour-Ambert never seemed to have her husband off her mind. She made herself hoarse reading aloud the newspapers to him, for this was, he said, his greatest diversion, though it was hard to understand what pleasure he could derive from what was continually putting him in a rage. He would burst into fits of anger and shout out his disapprobation, which gave the reader time to take breath, and she would keep on with her wearisome task even until the irascible baron fell

asleep. When he awoke he always found her ready to accompany him for a drive, or to play piquet with him, which she did several times a day.

Mme. de Latour-Ambert strictly acquitted herself of all these duties, fulfilling them even scrupulously, but no spontaneous feeling seemed to prompt her. Her solicitude betrayed no tenderness or real affection. She had always been toward her husband as she was now, and as we only receive what we give in such companionship, the ascendancy she exercised over him was purely intellectual. The weakened intellect of M. de Latour-Ambert was no longer fit to receive suggestions from his wife, and there evidently was no reciprocity of affection between them. Possibly their union had never deserved the name of marriage; there are too many cases of the kind!

The old ambassador, now past seventy, who had suddenly lost by a revolution all that had given him prestige, found himself reduced without compensation to the rôle of an invalid, and the downfall of his own hopes had entailed those of his ambitious wife, who could not entirely pardon him for having fallen from his high social rank. Still in the prime of life, she found herself linked by her own fault to a *cadavre*; she could not, to console herself when evil days came, recall, as could other women, the happier days of youth shared with her husband. With firmness, but without resignation, she dragged the chain which seemed likely before long to break.

Perhaps on his own part the baron vaguely perceived, through the mists of his now clouded brain, the secret feelings of his wife, and was little grateful to her for the icy punctuality with which she waited upon him.

Constance, too frank to understand at once the slow-moving tragedy of which this household, outwardly so peaceful and correct, was the theatre,

still had keenness enough to see that her mother had been much mistaken in Mlle. de Vardes, unless, indeed, twenty or twenty-five years had been able to effect one of those surprising transformations which make people unrecognizable. But how could Constance explain the difference between the real baroness and her letters? She did not understand that there are women who excel in correspondence, who take delight in it, and who in writing letters are constructing that species of romance in which the author is reflected, not as he is, but as he would wish to be, as if he disposed of the riches of Aladdin's cave more recklessly according as he was more miserable.

When Constance found herself alone that night in her little chamber, which opened out of that of her godmother, she felt like some poor frightened bird who, battered by the tempest, has sought refuge in a cage and is there held captive. Yet her hosts were anxious to provide her with pleasures. Mme. de Latour-Ambert came in and sat on the foot of her bed, and formed many plans for her amusement, promising to show her, without losing any time, all that was worth seeing in Paris at that season.

"However," she said, with one of those nods which showed her to be fully determined on a certain thing, "I am not going to give you up now that you have been allowed to come. I shall fancy that I have a daughter of my own, a daughter who, to complete my happiness, is like my friend."

Thereupon she asked Constance many questions as to what she could remember of her mother. At every answer she exclaimed:

"Ah, that was just like her!—To the very last she took all things *au sérieux*; a happy woman she was indeed! Poor dear Marguerite—things of earth

could not hinder her from living in the blue of heaven, and from trying to draw down the stars from the skies—The realities of life were nought to her; she deemed that trials borne with Christian faith exalt rather than depress the upward flight of the soul."

Again Mme. de Latour-Ambert sighed and seemed to reflect.

"It is she who has chosen the better part."

Then, after another silence, she added,

"Children!—to have children!—that must be heaven!"

These last words were pronounced with an accent of passion and envy. Then changing her tone she began to question Constance about her father, with whom she evidently had no sympathy—the hostility between them was reciprocal—and to ask about the country life, the occupations of the two and their mutual relations with their neighbors.

Without any deliberate purpose Constance shrank from any mention of M. de Glynne.

"I see—you had very few resources. You are a real little wild girl of the woods," said the baroness, smiling and smoothing caressingly the long dark tresses of the girl, which lay unconfined upon the pillow. "We shall get on nicely together. Our first visit shall be to a dressmaker, the second to the Salon, which will close in a couple of days, and to-morrow is the night at the opera. I am sure you love music? But if you only dared to say so, I am sure that you would like best of all, after a night spent in a railway carriage, to go to sleep."

And indeed the eyes of Constance had already closed, and in happy dreams she was far away from her godmother, and at the Park, the name of which she murmured as she dropped asleep.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS NOVELS: MARIE CORELLI AND HALL CAINE.*

(Concluded.)

After the "Sorrows of Satan," Mr. Hall Caine. We lay down the literature of female hysteria to take up that of emotional monasticism, with John Storm as guide and example. It is common knowledge that Mr. Caine never was a monk; and the probabilities are against his having sojourned in a religious house or studied the ways of "the Holy Gethsemane" from within its cloister. Of the four vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and stability, the Manx novelist can have learned only by hearsay, not by experience. And his singularly robust, and very Saxon or, at any rate, insular philosophy of life is not such as to fit him for the abstruse inward contemplation failing which a story-teller that discourses of monks and monasticism will overlook the chief point. Mr. Hall Caine has an eye for what he sees, but he moves in a world of his own. He is dramatic, epic, and a lover of strong effects set in glaring lights—a showman with a gift of powerful language, grim and stark, and a drum on which he beats pretty loudly. There is no grace in his drawing; and though he can feel, he seldom persuades the heart. He ploughs and harrows it, if you like, but does not melt and subdue it. His figures are weather-beaten, rudely carved in rock, huge, and sometimes grotesque. And while the men fling themselves into violent action, which is their element, the women, after some faint or spasmodic attempts at a graceful coquetry, lose all distinctive notes and as good as justify what Pope said of them,

for they seem to have no character at all.

But Mr. Caine lives and dies by emotion. Though in his most ambitious work, "The Bondman," and in its hero, Red Jason, he undertakes to renew the Norse Saga, what we get from the turning of his wheel is not that, but something else—a romance à la Victor Hugo, grandiose, overpowering and sentimental. The passion of pity therein set before us with many heartshaking sobs was never the mood of Bearsarks and Vikings; it is Christian, but degenerate, tending always to the excess which makes of a virtue mere instinct, without choice or self-control. The extreme of that feeling which, seventy or eighty years ago, took as much from the French poet in good sense as it added to him in eloquence, may be seen with uneasy admiration at the close of the century in Tolstoy. It has mastered the man whom it should inspire. And, like all extravagance, it breaks down the hedge of the law. Thus, when we look carefully into that kindred study, "The Manxman," of which Red Jason is still, in effect, the hero, we cannot but feel, in spite of its pathos, which is often great and sometimes unsophisticated, that the moral is absolutely the same as George Sand's, at the time she was writing "Jacques" and "Valentine." Mr. Caine has never drawn a character equal in lively and almost humorous touches to this hapless "Pete." But Pete is merely Jacques transplanted to the Isle of Man, without education, yet full of the modern sentiment which compels the French officer to commit suicide that his wife may take up with her *cavalier servente*,

* 1. A Romance of Two Worlds. And other Works. By Marie Corelli. London, 1896-1897.

2. The Christian. By Hall Caine, London, 1897.

and which robs Pete of house and home, wife and child, and sends him into the outer darkness, a martyr to love, but an accomplice in violation of legal duty. Either no moral is meant, or it is antinomian. Now, is there one of Mr. Caine's stories that does not end like this, in the apotheosis of feeling?

John Storm, the struggling Christian hero, is a complex but hardly intelligible character, made in several pieces which no art has fused or run into a mould. As we follow his irregular movements we are reminded now of Charles Kingsley, and again of Claude Frollo, never of any monk that we know from history. The picture intended is that of the religious condition of England, but especially of the Christian Socialist who sets himself to change and transfigure it. He is a clergyman, well read in the Fathers, travelled, and not wanting in experience—one that has gone below the surface in Sydney, Melbourne, London; consecrated by vocation, and afterwards by vow, to the task of living the Gospel, not merely of preaching it. And every step in his career is determined by a woman whom he attempts to strangle for her soul's sake, but at last marries in spite of his vows of chastity and stability, the Father Superior who has taken his monastic oaths now blessing his matrimonial. As the Manxman divorced his wife that she might be free to wed her paramour, so John Storm gives a bill of separation to his convent and takes Glory in exchange;—from which the inference would seem to be that love laughs at vows, wherever made, and that marriage and monasticism are alike ineffective, and ought to be so, when passion is strong. "We were but man and woman," says the dying Prophet, "and we could not help but love each other, though it was a fault, and for one of us it was a sin. And

God will forgive us, because He made us so, and because God is the God of love." These tender words are quite in the style of George Sand. They suit the conditions of Phillip and Kate—an adulterous couple—in "The Manxman," at least as well as they suit John Storm and his Glory Quayle. And they breathe a breath which comes, as Mr. Hall Caine acknowledges in another place, from Paphos rather than from Sinai or Galilee.

Given this clue, we can wind our way in and out of the maze. Like Abu Ganem in the Arabian tale, Mr. Storm is "the slave of love." And Miss Quayle is the slave of pleasure. How shall these two, aided by the monastery and the music-hall, resolve that tremendous question of the Gospel in London? They do not resolve it. The curtain falls on their wedding, and the question lies where it was. To the woman it did not signify. She never wanted but to marry John Storm, and she did marry him. But this feminine answer to all possible conundrums will hardly atone for the confusion of types, and the chaos of "creed and culture," to which we are left at the end of the book, although we had hoped to arrive at something definite, and were promised it in the beginning. There was a rare opportunity for the master, had a master come that way. Christian Socialists, working clergymen, models of philanthropy, and even monks and friars, are extant, if one cares to look at them in action. The fallen woman, the degenerate man, may be studied, like any other specimens, in their habitat, and their causes and conditions searched out with philosophic eyes. The relations of Christianity to modern life present a theme as vast as it is obscure and formidable. London itself calls for a painter of morals and manners, who should combine the picturesque of Charles Dickens with Balzac's depth

of analysis and richness of detail. But Miss Glory strikes a sentimental key-note, and our hopes are frustrate:—

"As for religion," she told the future monk, at starting for their journey up to town, "there was nothing under heaven like the devotion of a handsome and clever man to a handsome and clever woman, when he gave up all the world for her, and his body and his soul and everything that was his. I think he saw there was something in that, . . . for there came a wonderful light into his splendid eyes."

No doubt; and his last words chime in with these Ovidian hemistichs; but where is "The Christian?"

We have compared this impulsive young reformer to Claude Frollo; an instance closer at hand would be "Jude the Obscure." To all three Esdras, or Mr. Hardy, might apply his text, "Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned for women." But no reason can be alleged why John Storm should have put himself in the category of sinners, feeble as were his wits and varying his moods. He was in love with Miss Quayle; what hindered him from making her his wife on that first expedition to London? Charles Kingsley was a Christian Socialist; but he held decided views touching the celibacy of the clergy. Did Storm hold opposite views? We never can ascertain what he held, for he was incapable of making a clear statement. His principles and program are alike obscure in every stage of his wandering career. He feels intensely, speaks precipitately, and is a weathercock blown by the wind. Such a man falls a victim to his own clap-trap, and John is always convinced that he has arrived at stability, when the next moment he kicks down the

ladder and jumps from his chosen platform into a slough. He builds and unbuilds, puts round for square, boxes the compass, and achieves nothing. Of what is all this a *reductio ad absurdum* except of the idea on which "The Christian" is founded? Monasticism may be out of date, its vows a superstition, and its ways un-English. Shall we, then, first call our hero a Christian, then dress him up as a Bishopsgate Brother, and give him as near a resemblance as we dare to Some One else, that at length we may refute friars and reformers out of the Marriage Service, and insinuate that religion is now-a-days impossible, and never was anything but a mystical delusion? What other kind of Christian has Mr. Hall Caine given us?

The vagaries of his pattern young man are instructive. He is erotic rather than mystical, in any profound sense of this latter word—which, properly speaking, means the experience of Divine life as it is possible to the human spirit. And because neither he nor his biographer can grasp this experience, the motive that underlies his religion is a susceptibility to emotion of any sort. He has no power of logic, little reticence, and no tact. His devotion to Miss Quayle is of a highly sensuous cast, and the charms of her appearance which overcome his sternest resolutions are frequently described and abundantly dwelt upon. She is likewise endowed, in the author's imagination, with "gentle humor and pathos;" but the humor is that of a hoyden or fast girl, who talks very atrocious slang, makes "appallingly free" with the words of the Bible, puts on men's knickerbockers in the men's own dressing rooms, creates a *furor*—as Miss Corelli would term it—in music-halls by her imitation of kissing, and in manner is hardly above the street-girl whom she mimics, when "her golden hair was hanging down

her back." It is conceivable that John Storm was led captive by an ill-bred histrionic performer like Miss Quayle; but we decline to believe that he did not know the difference between her style of talk and that of a self-respecting woman; nor can he have been so blind as not to perceive in her so-called pathos the hysterical discontent of which it was a sign or a consequence.

The passion that drew him on had few noble traits; it proved sufficient, however, to set him at odds with his profession as a London clergyman, to send him into the Order of the Holy Gethsemane (a title unmatched, we think, since religious orders were), and to drive him out again in search of the hoyden, who by that time had attained full celebrity, and set her charms, if not for sale, yet for exhibition, in the sight of the London that crowds to our "Empires" and "Alhambras." She is persuaded to leave this life, but not for long; while Storm, who has now exchanged contemplation, in which he did not shine, for work that any other clergyman might undertake, married or single, opens a chapel in Soho. The chapel is bought over his head, and turned into a theatre, on the boards of which Glory is to appear. Though John had "come to see that the monastic system was based on a faulty ideal of Christianity," this cruel blow sends him to take the vows at Bishopsgate, in a hurry that must have astonished even the Father Superior. But before taking the step, he has preached his last sermon and declared that "every true woman comes right in the end;" he has made love to Glory in the vestry; endeavored to get her consent that they shall leave London; announced his intention of taking up the task at Molokai which Father Damien had just died in fulfilling; has relinquished this when Glory declines to go, and enters the Brotherhood on her

refusal. It is Claude Frolo, or Jude the Obscure, at every turn. One of Glory's admirers calls him "a weak, over-sanguine fanatic," but we are disposed rather to quote as a true account of him the text in Esdras.

A singular Brotherhood is that of Bishopsgate. "One of the earliest," and "now the oldest," that sprang from the Oxford Movement, it was "founded about ten years ago." The Superior talks of "St. Ignatius and St. Philip" as having established "the severest of modern rules," which is no less original a view of the Jesuits than of the Oratorians, both well known to be mitigations of discipline as compared with mediæval orders. The ceremony of initiation is a Burial Service with features of its own; but when a postulant who has taken no vows chooses to depart, he is excommunicated by the Father—a simple priest in every sense of the word—with bell, book, and candle. Compline is said backwards; "recreation" is before supper; and though the brethren receive a High-Church journal, they know nothing of what passes beyond their walls. They often exclaim "*Ave Maria*," but are content with those two words, and leave the rest of the prayer unsaid. When a monk is dying they suffer him to manage the business alone; there is a "rule of solitude and silence" to which any one can submit himself when he pleases, though it dissolves the community life; and the "crushed and fettered souls" whisper one to another, as in prison. Yet should the Bishop come, and like Jupiter suggest a change of lots, they declare themselves satisfied.

"Eia!

Quid statis? nolint. Atqui licet esse beatiss."

These things are not of heaven or earth; it is impossible to reason about them, and one must charitably sup-

pose that Mr. Hall Caine is adapting scenes from "Spiridon" for the use of English readers.

His foll to the monastic virtues—which, seen at Bishopsgate, uncommonly resemble vices—is Canon Wealthy, who has no poor in his parish, holds the *via media* without quite knowing what it is, preaches like an actor, and can only be cured by Disestablishment. Does Mr. Caine imagine that the voluntary system never breeds a Canon Wealthy? Or that churches not established offer no prizes, show no inequality of income, and are simply dedicated to works of the spirit? Let him glance at America, and he will perceive that, however Disestablishment may affect the social status of clergymen, it will not reward service always in proportion to labor. His Lord Erin, the Prime Minister, whom, oddly enough, he calls the "official head of the Church," tells John Storm that it was "endowed by the State." When and where? We should be much interested to see the minutes of that transaction. And was it the Church that slew the latest of the Prophets? In order to make this plausible, he has given us a solemn deputation of clergy, headed by the Archdeacon, who invade the Prime Minister and talk to him as though he were the Home Office. On what foundation of fact or probability is that scene to rest? We have witnessed in our time the "corybantic" processions and noisy preachings of the Salvation Army. Has any bishop or archdeacon raised his voice to put them down? In a day of freedom, often lapsing into license, this purely hypothetical charge is as wanting in grace as in likelihood.

John Storm dies, and his social Christianity is left in the cloud where he embraced it. What are its doctrines or methods, who can tell? Intent on redeeming lost women from

their unhappy state, "he was the prophet of woman in relation to humanity as hardly any one since Jesus has been," writes a Hebrew journalist on the eve of his death. We turn the pages to and fro; all we can discover is that he attempted to rescue the fallen as other well-meaning people have done; that he had no new suggestions; and that he failed. He was not likely to succeed, considering how superficial and inadequate was the view which he expressed, not only of the causes which lead so many to ruin, but of the temper and disposition of the poor creatures themselves. Nothing could well be less a picture from life than his Lord Robert and Polly Love. It is not even a half truth, but simply that mixture of the stage and the pulpit dear to a certain section of the middle class—great indignation, real or simulated, little insight, and no summing-up of the case as it affects society at large. In any event, the story of Lord Robert is foreign to the question in general, and it was not poverty but perversity which the victim herself assigned as the explanation of her fall. But of the remedy for these things, economic, spiritual, or social, we learn no more than we knew before "The Christian" was written. From this point of view John Storm is indeed a failure.

It is a melancholy thought, when we count up the hundreds of thousands of these volumes that have been scattered to the world's end, how few can be said to practise the art of reading. Miss Corelli supplants the New Testament. Mr. Hall Caine adapts Church history to our own times. And the millions take them in perfect good faith, cherishing their dreams and delusions as if some reality corresponded with them. In the anarchy of opinion, alarm on the part of Christians has seemed not out of place; and alarm has generated reaction. New cham-

pions of belief have appeared on the scene. Fresh pills against earthquake are advertised. One takes equal parts of pseudo-science, Neo-Platonism, and theosophy; stamps the whole as revealed from Heaven; and recommends us to get it down with a deal of sentiment. Another, more British, lays hold of certain traditional stage-virtues, wraps them in emotion, adds thereto a suspicious but exciting ingredient of pseudo-monasticism, and screams to us that, unless we take it, our life is in danger. Run whither we may with Miss Corelli and Mr. Caine for guides, we shall plunge into hysteria or be overthrown by claptrap. The proposition with which we began our article is, therefore, we think, amply demonstrated. Great and manifold as have been the mischiefs

wrought by unbelief, it has hardly done worse than call out a reaction which despises logic, turns faith to mythology, canonizes the absurd, and so distorts the Christian as to make him at once an imbecille, a visionary, and a murderous fanatic. Those who defend him on such lines are his most formidable enemies; and Voltaire would have welcomed them as justifying in their dialect what he had written a thousand times in his own, "*Ecrasez l'infame.*" It is no excuse for them that they were sacrificing a venerable creed to their peculiar infirmity of sentimental romance. Their religion is not Christianity, but its caricature; and their apologetics are as wanting in balance as they are fertile in sickly and sensuous dreams.

The Quarterly Review.

THE DEATH-MARCH OF KULOP SUMBING.

"From age to age a glowing page
Their names must win in story,
The men who wrought and dared and fought
To make a nation's glory.
Half men, half gods, they feared no odds,
And made our England's name
Echo and roll from pole to pole,
A widening din of fame!

But had their ways, for all their days,
Been set in lands apart,
Straitened and pent, with ne'er a vent
For mighty brain and heart,
These very men, perhaps, might then
Have joined the nameless throng,
Who wage red war against the Law,
But win no name in song."
—"The Song of the Lost Heroes."

He was an ill fellow to look at—so men who knew him tell me—large of limb and very powerfully built. His face was broad and ugly, and a peculiarly sinister expression was imparted to it by a hare-lip, which left his gums exposed. It was to this latter embellishment that he owed at once

his vicious temper and the name by which he was known. It is not difficult to understand why; for women did not love to look upon the gash in his lip, and his nickname of *Sumbing*—which means "The Chipped One"—reminded him of his calamity whenever he heard it.

He was a native of Perak, and he made his way into Pahang through the untrodden Sakai country. That is practically all that is known concerning his origin. The name of the district in which Kulop Sumbing had his home represented nothing to the natives of the Jelai Valley, and now no man knows from what part of Perak this adventurer came. The manner of his coming, however, excited the admiration, and impressed itself upon the imaginations, of the people of Pa-

hang—who love pluck almost as much as they hate toil; so the tale of his doings is still told, though these things happened nearly a score of years ago.

Kulop Sumbing probably held a sufficiently cynical opinion as to the nature of his countrywomen, who are among the most venal of their sex. He knew that no girl could love him for the sake of his marred unsightly face, but that many would bestow favors upon him if his money-bags were well lined. Therefore he determined to grow rich with as little delay as possible, and to this end he looked about for some one whom he might plunder. For this purpose Perak was played out. The law of the white men could not be bribed by a successful robber, so he turned his eyes across the border to Pahang, which bore an evil reputation, as a land in which ill things were done with impunity, while the doer thrived exceedingly.

He had a love of adventure, was absolutely fearless, and was, moreover, a good man with his hands. In common with most Malays, the Central Jail and the rigid discipline of prison life had few attractions for him; and as he did not share with the majority of his race their instinctive dread of travelling alone in the jungle, he decided on making a lone-hand raid into the Sakal country, which lies between Perak and Pahang. Here he would be safe from the grip of the white man's hand, and well removed from the sight of the Government's eyes, as the Malays name our somnolent policemen; and much wealth would come to the ready hand that knew full well how to seize it. He, of course, felt absolutely no twinges of conscience; for you must not look for principle in the men of the race to which Kulop Sumbing belonged. A Malay is honest and law-abiding just so long as it suits his convenience to be so, and not more than sixty seconds longer. Virtue in

the abstract does not fire with any particular enthusiasm, but a love of right-doing may occasionally be galvanized into a sort of paralytic life in his breast, if a haunting fear of the consequences of crime are kept very clearly before his eyes. So Kulop kicked the dust of law-restrained Perak from his bare brown soles, and set out for the Sakal country, and the remote interior of Pahang, where the law of God was not and no law of man held true.

He carried with him all the rice that he could bear upon his shoulders, two dollars in silver, a little tobacco, a handsome *kris* and a long spear with a broad and shining blade. His supplies were to last him till the first Sakal camps were reached, and after that his food, he told himself, would "rest at the tip of his dagger." He did not propose to really begin his operations until the mountains, which fence Perak boundary, had been crossed, so was content to allow the first Sakal villages to pass unpillaged. He impressed some of the naked, frightened aborigines as bearers, he levied such supplies of food as he needed, and the Sakal, who were glad to be rid of him so cheaply, handed him on from village to village with the greatest alacrity. The base of the jungle-covered mountains of the interior was reached at the end of a fortnight, and Kulop and his Sakal began to drag themselves up the steep ascent by means of roots, trailing creepers, and slender saplings.

Upon a certain day they reached the summit of a nameless mountain and threw themselves down, panting for breath upon the round bare drumming ground of an argus pheasant. On the crest of almost every hill and hog's back in the interior these drumming-grounds are found, bare and smooth as a threshing-floor, save for the thin litter of dead twigs with which they are

strewn by the birds. Sometimes, if you keep very still, you may hear the cocks strutting and dancing, and thumping the hard earth, but no man among us has ever seen the pheasants going through their performance. At night-time their full-throated yell rings across the valleys, waking a thousand echoes, and the cry is taken up and thrown backwards and forwards by a host of pheasants, each answering from his own hill. Judging by the frequency of their cry, they must be among the most common of all jungle birds, yet so deftly do they hide themselves that they are but rarely seen, and the beauties of their plumage—at once more delicate and more brilliant than that of the peacock—and the wonders of the countless violet eyes with which their feathers are set, are only known to us because these birds are so frequently trapped by the Malays.

Where Kulop and his Sakai lay the trees were thinned out. The last two hundred feet of the ascent had been a severe climb, and the ridge, which formed the summit, stood clear of the tree-tops which grew half-way up the slope. As he lay panting, Kulop Sumbing gazed down for the first time upon the eastern slope of the Peninsula, the theatre in which ere long he proposed to play a very daring part. At his feet were tree-tops of every shade of green, from the tender, brilliant color which we associate with young corn, to the deep dull hue which is almost black. They fell away beneath him in a broad slope of living vegetation, the contour of each individual tree, and the grey, white, or black lines, which marked their trunks or branches, growing less and less distinct, until the jungle covering the plain was a blurred wash of color that had more of blue than green in it. Here and there, very far away, the sunlight fell in a dazzling flash upon something which glistened like

the mirror of a heliograph, and this, Kulop knew, was the broad reaches of a river. The jungle hid all traces of human habitation, and no sign of life was visible, save only a solitary kite "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depth of air," and the slight uneasy swaying of some of the taller trees, as a faint breeze swept gently over the forest. Here, in the mountains, the air was damp and chilly, and a cold wind was blowing, while the sun appeared to have lost half its power. In the plain below, however, the land lay steaming and sweltering beneath the fierce perpendicular rays, while the heat-haze danced restlessly above the forest.

During the next day or two Kulop Sumbing and his Perak Sakai made their way down the eastern slope of the mountains, and through the silent forests, which are given over to game, and to the equally wild jungle-folk, who fly at the approach of any human beings, precisely as do the beasts which share with them their home.

Kulop and his people passed several deserted camps belonging to these wild Sakai, but the instinct of the savages tells them unerringly that strangers are at hand, and never once were any of these folk caught sight of by the travellers.

These people lead a nomadic life, roaming hither and thither through the forest in quest of fresh feeding-grounds when the old ones are temporarily exhausted. They have no knowledge of planting, and they live chiefly upon yams and roots, sour jungle fruits, and the fish which they catch in cunningly devised basket-work traps. These things are known to such of us as have journeyed through their country, for their tracks tell their story up to this point. We know, too, that they camp in rude shelters of leaves propped crazily on untrimmed uprights, and that they ob-

tain wood knives from the tamer tribesman in exchange for the long reeds of which the inner casing of the Sakal blow-pipes is made. But even when they barter thus, they never willingly meet other human beings, their wares being deposited in certain well-known places in the jungle, where they are replaced by other articles which the wild-folk remove when no man is watching. A few survivors of the captives, made by the tamer Sakal on various slave-raiding expeditions, may be found in some of the Malay villages in Pahang, but of the life of these people in their wild forest state no man knows anything.

Kulop Sumbing, of course, took very little interest in them, for they possess no property, and nothing was therefore to be gained by harrying them. So he pushed on through the wild Sakal country until the upper waters of the Betok, the principal tributary of the Jelai, was reached.

Bamboos were felled, a raft was constructed, and then Kulop Sumbing dismissed his Sakal, and began his descent of the unknown river, which led he knew not where, alone, save for his weapons, but full of confidence in his ability to pillage this undiscovered country single-handed.

When you come to think of it, there was something bordering upon the heroic in the action of this unscrupulous man with the marred face, who glided gently down the river on this wild, lone-hand raid. The land was strange to him; the river, for all he knew, might be beset with impassable rapids and unknown dangers of every kind; his object was robbery on a large scale, and a plunderer is not likely to meet with much love from those whom he despoils. He was going to certain enmity, one might say to almost certain death, yet he poled his raft down the stream with deft punts,

and gazed calmly ahead of him with a complete absence of fear.

Under happier circumstances Kulop of the Hare-lip might surely have won rank among those brave men whose names still ring through the centuries as heroes, whose courage has won for them a lasting niche in human history.

It was at noon upon the second day that Kulop sighted a large camp of the tamer Sakal in a clearing on the right bank of the Betok. The sight of a Malay, coming from such an unusual quarter, filled the jungle people with superstitious dread, and in a few minutes every man, woman, and child had fled screaming to the forest.

Kulop went through the ten or fifteen squalid huts which stood in the clearing, and an occasional grunt attested that he was well satisfied with the stores of valuable *getah* lying stowed away in the sheds. He calculated that there could not be less than seven *pikul*, and that would mean \$600 in cash—a small fortune for any Malay. But then a difficulty presented itself. How was this precious sum to be carried down stream into Pahang? His raft would hold about one *pikul*—he knew that the Sakal would not interfere with him if he chose to remove that amount and to leave the rest. But the sight of the remaining six *pikul* was too much for him. He could not find it in his heart to abandon it, and he began to feel angry with the Sakal, who, he almost persuaded himself, were defrauding him of his just rights.

He rolled his quid of betel-nut and sat down to await the return of the Sakal, and as he thought of the injury they were like to do him if they refused to aid in the removal of the rest of the *getah*, his heart waxed very hot within him.

Presently two frightened brown faces, scarred with blue tattoo-marks on cheek and forehead, and sur-

mounted by a frowzy mop of sun-bleached hair, rose stealthily above the level of the flooring near the door, and peeped at him with shy, terrified eyes.

Kulop turned his face towards them, and the bobbing heads disappeared with surprising alacrity.

"Come hither!" cried Kulop.

The heads reappeared once more, and in a few brief words Kulop bade them go call their fellows.

The Sakai sidled off into the jungle, and presently a crowd of squalid aborigines came from out the shelter of the trees and underwood and stood looking at Kulop curiously, with light feet gingerly treading the ground, every muscle braced for a swift dart into cover at the first alarm of danger.

"Who among ye is the chief?" asked Kulop.

"Thy servant is the chief," replied an aged Sakai.

He stood forward as he spoke, trembling a little as he glanced timidly at the Malay, who sat cross-legged in the doorway of the hut. His straggling mop of hair was almost white, and his skin was dry and creased and wrinkled. He was naked, as were all his people, save for a slender loin-clout of bark-cloth, and his thin flanks and buttocks were white with the warm wood-ashes in which he had been lying when Kulop's arrival interrupted his mid-day snooze.

"Bid these, thy children, build me eight bamboo rafts, strong and firm, at the foot of yonder rapid," said Kulop. "And mark ye, be not slow, for I love not indolence."

"It can be done," said the Sakai headman, submissively.

"That is well," returned Kulop. "See thou to it with speed, for I am a man prone to wrath."

The Sakai fell to work, and by nightfall the six new rafts were completed, and while the jungle-folk toiled, Kulop

of the Hare-lip, who had declared that he loved not indolence, lay upon his back on the floor of the chief's hut, and roared a love-song in a harsh, discordant voice, to the lady whose heart the wealth he sought so eagerly, and now began to see within his grasp, would enable him to subdue.

Kulop slept that night in the Sakai hut among the restless jungle-folk. The air was chilly up here in the foothills, and the fire, which the Sakai never willingly let die, smoked and smouldered in the middle of the floor. Half a dozen long logs, all pointing to a common centre like the spokes of a broken wheel, met at the point where the fire burned red in the darkness, and between these boughs in the warm grey ashes lay men, women, and children sprawling in every conceivable attitude into which their naked brown limbs could twist themselves. Ever and anon they would rise up and tend the fire. Then they would sit round the newly-kindled blaze and talk in the jerky monosyllable jargon of the aborigines. The pungent smoke of the wood enshrouded them as with a garment, and their eyes waxed red and watery, but they heeded it not, for as their old saw has it, "Fire-smoke is the blanket of the Sakai."

And Kulop of the Hare-lip slept the sleep of the just.

The dawn broke grayly, for a mist hung low over the forest, white as driven snow and cold and clammy as the forehead of a corpse. The naked Sakai peeped shiveringly from the doorways of their huts, and then went shuddering back to the grateful warmth of the fire, and the frowzy atmosphere within.

Kulop alone made his way down to the river-bank and there performed his morning ablutions with scrupulous care—for whatever laws of God and man a Malay may disregard, he never

forgets the virtue of personal cleanliness, which, in an Oriental, is even more immediately important to his neighbors than all the godliness in the world. A Malay would as soon think of foregoing his morning tub as he would of fasting when food was to be had in plenty, and the days of Ramathan had sped.

When his ablutions were completed, Kulop climbed the steep bank once more, and, standing outside the chief's hut, called the Sakai from their lairs, bidding them hearken to his words. They stood or squatted before him in the white mist, through which the sun, just peeping above the jungle, was beginning to send long slanting rays of dazzling white light.

They were cold and miserable—this little crowd of naked men—and they shivered and scratched their bodies restlessly. The trilling of the thrushes and the chorus raised by other birds came to their ears through the still air mingled with the whooping and barking of the anthropoid apes; but the morning song has small power to cheer those who, like the Sakai, are very sensitive to cold, and it is during the chilly waking hour that men's courage and vitality are usually at the lowest ebb.

"Listen to me, ye Sakai!" began Kulop, in a loud and angry voice, and at the word those of his hearers who stood erect squatted humbly with their fellows, and the shivering of cold was increased by the trembling of fear. If there is one thing the jungle-folk dislike more than another it is to be called "Sakai" to their faces, and the term is never used to them by the Malays unless the speaker wishes to bully them. The word really means a slave, but by the aborigines it is regarded as the most offensive epithet in the Malay vocabulary. In their own tongue they speak of themselves as *Sen-oi*, which means a "man," as op-

posed to *Gob*, a foreigner,—for even the Sakai has some vestiges of pride if you know where to look for it, and to his mind the people of his race are alone entitled to be called "men." When speaking Malay they allude to themselves as *Orang Bâkit*—men of the hills; *Orang Utan*—jungle-folk; or *Oran Dalam*—the folk who dwell within the forests. They delight to be spoken of as *râayat*—peasants, or as *râayat raja*—subjects of the king; and the Malays who delight in nicely graded distinctions of speech in speaking to men of various ranks and classes, habitually use these terms when addressing Sakai, in order that the hearts of the jungle-folk may be warmed within them. When therefore the objectionable name "Sakai" is used to the forest-dwellers, the latter know that mischief and trouble are afoot, and since they are as timid as other wild creatures, a deadly fear falls upon them at the word.

"Listen, ye accursed Sakai!" cried Kulop of the Hare-lip, waving his spear above his head. "Mark well my words, for I hear the warm earth calling to the coffin planks in which your carcasses shall be presently, if ye fail to do my behests. Go, gather up the *getah* that lies within your dwellings and bring it hither speedily, lest a worse thing befall ye!"

The Sakai rose slowly and walked each man to his hut with lagging steps. In a few minutes the great round balls of gum, with a little hole punched in each, through which a rotten line was passed, lay heaped upon the ground at Kulop's feet. But the Sakai had brought something as well as the *getah*, for each man held a long and slender spear fashioned of bamboo. The weapon sounds harmless enough, but these wooden blades are strong and stubborn, and the edges and points are sharper than steel. Kulop of the Hare-lip saw that the

time had come for prompt action to supplement rough words.

"Cast down your spears to the earth, ye swine of the forest!" he yelled.

Almost all the Sakai did as Kulop bade them, for the Malay is here the dominant race, and years of oppression and wrong have made the jungle-folk very docile in the presence of the more civilized brown man. The Sakai chief, however, clutched his weapon firmly, and his frightened old eyes ran around the group of his kinsmen, vainly inciting them to follow his example. The next moment his gaze was recalled to Kulop of the Hare-lip by a sharp pain in his right shoulder, as the spear of the Malay transfixed it. His own weapon dropped from his powerless arm, and the Sakai broke and fled. But a shrill cry from Kulop, as he ran around them, herding them as a collie herds sheep, brought them soon to a stand-still.

No thought of further resistance remained in their minds, and the *getah* was quickly loaded on the rafts, and the plundered Sakai, still wild with fear, began to pole them down the river, while Kulop sat at ease on the last raft, which two of the shuddering jungle-folk punted carefully.

The wounded chief, left behind in his hut, sent two youths through the forest to bid their fellow-tribesmen prepare the poison for their blow-pipe darts, since he knew that no one would now attempt to kill Kulop of the Hare-lip at close quarters. But the poison which the Sakai distill from the resin of the *ipoh* tree requires some time to prepare, and, if it is to be used with effect upon a human being, a specially strong solution is necessary. Above all, if it is to do its work properly, it must be newly made. Thus it was that Kulop of the Hare-lip had time to load his rafts with *getah* taken from two other Sakai camps, and to pass very nearly out of the Sakai coun-

try before the people whom he had robbed were in a position to take the offensive.

The Betok river falls into the Upper Jelai, a stream which is also given over entirely to the jungle-people, and it is not until the latter river meets the Telom and the Serau at the point where the Lower Jelai is formed that the banks begin to be studded with scattered Malay villages.

Kulop of the Hare-lip knew nothing of the geography of the land through which he was travelling, but he was aware that running water presupposed the existence of the habitations of men of his own race if followed down sufficiently far. Therefore, he pressed forward eagerly, bullying and goading his frightened Sakai into something resembling energy. He had now more than a thousand dollars worth of *getah* on his rafts, and he was getting anxious as to its safety. To the danger in which he himself went he was perfectly callous and indifferent.

It was at Kuala Merbau, a spot where a tiny stream falls into the Upper Jelai upon its right bank, that a small party of Sakai lay in hiding, peering through the greenery at the gliding waters down which Kulop and his plunder must presently come. Each man carried at his side a quiver fashioned of a single length of bamboo covered with the dots, crosses, and zigzags and triangles which the Sakai delight to trace upon all their vessels. Each quiver was filled with slender darts, about the thickness of a steel knitting-needle, with an elliptical piece of light wood at one end to steady it in its flight, and a very sharp tip coated with the black venom of the *ipoh* sap. In their hands each one of them held a long reed blow-pipe some twelve feet in length. These weapons were rudely but curiously carved.

Presently the foremost of the Sakai stood erect, his elbows level with his

ears, his feet heel to heel, his body leaning slightly forward from the hips. His hands were locked together at the mouthpiece of his blowpipe, the long reed being held firmly by his thumbs and forefingers, which were coiled above it, while the weight rested upon the lower interlaced fingers of both hands. His mouth was puckered and drawn in, like that of a man who seeks to spit out a shred of tobacco which the loose end of a cigarette has left between his lips, and it nestled closely to the wooden mouth-piece. His keen, wild eyes glanced along the length of the blowpipe shrewdly and unflinchingly, little hard puckers forming at their corners. *Pit!* said the blowpipe. The little wad of dry pith which had been used to exclude the air around the dart-head, fell into the water a dozen feet away, and the dart itself flew forward with incredible speed, straight to the mark at which it was aimed.

A slight shock on his right side just above the hip apprized Kulop that something had struck him, and looking down he saw the dart still shuddering in his side. But, as luck would have it, Kulop carried under his coat a gaudy bag stuffed with the ingredients of the betel quid, and the dart had struck this and embedded itself in it. The merest fraction of a second was all that Kulop needed to see this, and to take in the whole of the situation, and with him action and perception kept pace with one another. Before the dart had ceased to quiver, before the Sakai on the bank had had time to send another in its wake, before the men who poled his raft had fully grasped what was going forward, Kulop had seized the nearest of his Sakai by his frowzy halo of elf-locks and had drawn him screaming across his knee. The terrified creature writhed and flung his body about wildly, and his friends upon the bank

feared to blow their darts lest they should inadvertently wound their kinsman while striving to kill the Malay.

"Have a care, ye swine of the forest!" cried Kulop, while he cuffed the screaming Sakai unsparingly in order to keep his limbs in constant motion. "Have a care, ye sons of fallen women! If ye fire one more of your darts this man, your kinsman, dies by my *kris!*"

The Sakai on the banks had no reason to doubt the sincerity of Kulop's words, and since they love their relatives, both near and distant, far more than is possible in more civilized communities, they drew off, and Kulop of the Hare-lip went upon his way rejoicing. But he kept his Sakai across his knee none the less, and occasionally administered a sounding cuff to him *pour encourager les autres*.

Thus he won his way out of the Sakai country, and that night he laid him down to sleep in a Malay village in the full enjoyment of excellent health, the knowledge that he was at last a rich man, and a delightful consciousness of having successfully performed deeds well worth the doing.

For a month or twain he dwelt in the Jelai, at Bukit Betong, the village of To' Raja, the great up country chief, who then ruled that district. He sold his *getah* to this man, and since he was ready to let it go for something less than the market price, the sorrows of the Sakai were the cause of much amusement to those from whom they sought redress, and whose duty it should have been to afford them protection.

But Kulop of the Hare-lip had left his heart behind him in Perak, for the natives of that State can never long be happy when beyond the limits of their own country, and must always make their way back sooner or later to drink of the waters of their silver river. Perhaps, too, Kulop had some

one particular lady in his mind when he set out upon his quest for wealth, for if you watch, you will see that the best work and the most blackguardly deeds of a man are alike usually due to the woman who sits at the back of his heart and is the driving power which impels him to good or to evil.

One day Kulop of the Hare-lip presented himself before To' Raja, as the latter lay smoking his opium-pipe upon the soft mats in his house, and informed him that as he was about to leave Pahang he had brought a present "trifling and unworthy of his acceptance"—which he craved the chief to honor him by receiving.

"When dost thou go down stream?" asked To' Raja, for the Jelai is in the far interior of Pahang, and if a man would leave the country by any of the ordinary routes, he must pass down that river, at any rate, as far as Kuala Lipis.

"Thy servant goes up stream," said Kulop of the Hare-lip.

To' Raja started.

"What?" said he, in a voice full of astonishment.

"Thy servant returns the way he came," said Kulop, calmly.

To' Raja burst out into a torrent of excited expostulation. It was death, certain death, he said for Kulop once more to attempt to traverse the Sakal country. The other ways were open, and no man would dream of staying him if he sought to return to his own country by land or sea. It was folly. It was madness, it was impossible. But to all these words Kulop of the Hare-lip turned a deaf ear. He knew Malay chieftains and all their ways and works sufficiently well, and he had paid too much toll to To' Raja already to have any desire to further diminish the amount of his honest earnings. If he wended his way homeward through inhabited country, he knew that he would have to comply

with the exactions of every chief through whose district he might pass, and this was a prospect that had few attractions for him. The Sakal, on the other hand, he despised utterly, and as he was physically incapable of feeling fear at this stage of the proceedings, he laughed at To' Raja's estimate of the risk he would run. Nay, he saw in the chief's words a cunning attempt to induce him to penetrate more deeply into a land in which he might be plundered with the greater ease. Accordingly he declined to be persuaded by To' Raja, and a day or two later he began his return journey through the forests.

He knew that it would be useless to attempt to induce any one to accompany him, so he went, as he had come—alone. The dollars for which he had exchanged his plunder were hard and heavy upon his back, and he was further loaded with rice and dried fish, but his weapons were as bright as ever, and to him they still seemed to be all the companions that a man need desire. He travelled on foot, for he could not pole a raft single-handed against the current, and he had to trust to such paths as he could find, guiding himself for the most part by the direction of the river. He passed many Sakal camps, which were all abandoned at his approach, and he halted in several of them to replenish his scanty stock of provisions, but he slept in the jungle.

It was on the evening of the second or third day that Kulop became aware of an unpleasant sensation. The moon was at the full, and he could see for many yards around him in the forest, and though no one was visible, he became painfully conscious that somebody was watching him. Occasionally he thought that he caught the glint of eyes in the under-wood, and every now and again a dry twig snapped crisply, now to the right,

now to the left, now in front of him, now behind him. He started to his feet and sounded the *sorak*—the war-yell—that pealed in widening echoes through the forest. A rustle in half-a-dozen directions at once showed him that the watchers had been numerous, and that they were now taking refuge in flight.

Kulop of the Hare-lip sat down again beside his fire, and a new and strange sensation began to grip his heart queerly. It was accompanied by an uneasy feeling in the small of his back, as though he momentarily expected to receive a spear-thrust there, and a clammy dampness rose upon his forehead, while of a sudden the skin behind his ears seemed strangely cold. Perhaps even Kulop of the Hare-lip needed no man to tell him that this was fear.

He replenished his fire and sat near it, trying to still the chattering of his teeth. If he could find himself face to face with an enemy, fear would leave him, he knew; but this eerie, uncanny feeling of being watched and hounded by foes whom he could not see struck him with palsy. As he sat he glanced uneasily over his shoulder from time to time, and at last he drew back against the trunk of a large tree, so that none might strike him from behind. As he sat thus, leaning slightly backwards, he chanced to glance up, and in a tree-top, some fifty yards away, he saw the crouching form of a Sakai silhouetted blackly against the moon-lit sky.

He leaped to his feet once more, and again the *sorak* rang out as he strove to tear his way through the under-wood to the foot of the tree in which he had seen his enemy. But the jungle was thick, he lost his bearings quickly, and, weary with his exertions, torn with brambles, and sweating profusely, he was glad to make his way back to the fire again.

All through that terrible night Kulop of the Hare-lip strove to drive away sleep from his heavy eyes. The hours seemed incredibly long, and he feared that the dawn would never, never come. One minute he would tell himself that he was wide awake, and a second later a rustle in the under-wood startled him into a knowledge that he had slept. Horror and fear had their will of him, and those who know them are aware that there are no more skilled tormentors than they. A hundred times he leaped to his feet and sent the *sorak* ringing through the jungle, and each time those who watched him fled in panic. While he remained awake and on guard the Sakai feared him too much to attack him. His previous escape from the dart which they had seen pierce his side had originated in their minds the idea that he was invulnerable, so they tried no longer to slay him from a distance. This he quickly perceived, but fear clutched him once more when he speculated as to what would happen when he was at last forced to give way to the weight of weariness that was now oppressing him so sorely.

Presently a change began to creep over the forest in which he sat. A little stir in the trees around told him that the bird-folk were awakening. Objects which had hitherto been dark and shapeless masses in the shadows cast into prominence by the white moonlight, gradually assumed more definite shape. Later the colors of the trunks and leaves and creepers, still darker and dulled, but none the less color, began to be perceptible, and Kulop of the Hare-lip rejoiced exceedingly in that the dawn had come and the horrors of the night were passing away.

All that day Kulop, albeit weary almost to death, trudged onward through the forest; but the news had spread among the Sakai that their

enemy was once more among them, and the number of the jungle-folk, who dogged his footsteps, steadily increased. Kulop could hear their shrill whoops, as they called to one another through the forest, giving warning of his approach, or signalling the path which he was taking. Once or twice he fancied that he caught a glimpse of a little brown form, of two glinting eyes, of a straggling mop of frowzy hair, and then he would charge, shouting angrily. But the figure—if indeed it had any existence save in his overwrought imagination—always vanished as suddenly and as noiselessly as a shadow long before he could come within striking distance. Kulop of the Hare-lip found this far more terrible and frightening than the most desperate hand-to-hand fight could be, for the invisibility and the intangible nature of his enemy added the horrors of a fever-dream to the very real danger in which he now knew himself to stand.

The night that followed that day was one of acute agony to the weary man, who dared not sleep, and about midnight he again marched forward through the forest, hoping thereby to elude his pursuers.

For an hour he believed himself to have been successful. Then the shrill yells broke out again, and at the sound Kulop's heart sank within him. Still he stumbled on, too dead tired to charge at his phantom enemy, too hoarse at last even to raise his voice in the *sorak*, but doggedly determined not to give in. But as he waxed faint the number and the boldness of his pursuers increased proportionately, till their yells sounded on every side, and Kulop seemed like a lost soul, winding his way to the Bottomless Pit, with an escort of rejoicing devils shouting a noisy chorus around him.

Another awful day followed, and when once more the night shut down,

Kulop of the Hare-lip sank exhausted upon the ground. His battle was over. He could bear up no longer against the weight of his weariness and the aching longing for sleep. Almost as his head touched the warm, dark litter of dead leaves with which the earth of the jungle is strewn, his heavy eyelids closed and his breath came soft and regular. This was his surrender, for at last he knew himself to be beaten. He was half-way up the mountains now, and was almost in reach of safety, but—

Ah, the little more—and how much it is,
And the little less—and what worlds away!

Kulop of the Hare-lip—Kulop the resolute, the fearless—Kulop the strong, the enduring, was at the end of his tether. He had been beaten—not by the Sakai, but by Nature, which no man may long defy—and in obedience to her he surrendered his will and slept.

Presently the underwood was parted by human hands in half a dozen different places, and the Sakai crept stealthily out of the jungle into the little patch of open in which their enemy lay at rest. He moved uneasily in his sleep—not because any noise on their part had disturbed him, for they came as silently as a shadow cast over a broad forest by a patch of scudding cloud—and at the sight the Sakai halted with lifted foot ready to plunge back into cover should their enemy awake. But the exhausted man was sleeping heavily, wrapped in the slumber from which he was never again to be aroused. The silent jungle-people, armed with heavy clubs and bamboo spears, stole to within a foot or two of the unconscious Malay. Then nearly a score of them lifted their weapons, poised them on high, and brought them down simultaneous-

ly on the body of their foe. Kulop's limbs stretched themselves slowly and stiffly, his jaw fell, and blood flowed in twenty places. No cry escaped him, and the trembling Sakai looked down upon the dead face of their enemy, and knew that he had paid his debt to them in full.

They touched none of his gear, for they feared to be haunted by his ghost, and Kulop had nothing edible about him, such as the jungle-folk find it hard to leave untouched. Money had no meaning to the Sakai, so the silver dollars, which ran in a glistening stream from a rent made in their bag by a spear-thrust, were left glistening in the moonlight by the side of that still gray face, with the ghastly,

pallid lip split upwards to the nostrils. There the Sakai took their leave of Kulop of the Hare-lip as he lay stretched beside the riches which he had bought at so dear a price.

If you want some ready money and a good kris and spear, both of which have done execution in their day, they are all to be had for the gathering in a spot in the forest not very far from the boundary between Pahang and Perak, but you must find the place for yourself, since the Sakai to a man will certainly deny all knowledge of it. Therefore it is probable that Kulop of the Hare-lip will rise up on the Judgment Day with his property intact.

Hugh Clifford.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A DRESS REHEARSAL OF REBELLION.

AMONG THE MAROONS AT ANNOTTO BAY, JAMAICA.

For many days there had been unrest in Charles Town, one of the beautiful reservations of the Maroons. The word had gone round that the tribes were being defrauded of certain lands which Queen Victoria had given them and their heirs for ever a hundred years before. The elders were in frequent conference, and messengers came and went between the black man's hamlet, buried among its bread-fruit trees and bananas on the northern coast, and the white advisers of the tribes in Kingston, away across the island on the southern shore. And the young men talked about fighting, and, when they gathered of evenings round the rum-shop at the turn of the road that makes for the Englishmen's plantations, they would wax heroic and perform prodigious feats with their machetes upon imaginary hosts. The secret, how-

ever, was well kept, and the white men, a few miles off, had no idea that the Maroons were in unrest. One night the tribe, instead of going to sleep, assembled—it was at the full of the moon—on their little "common," and two hundred of the men folk had their machetes in their hands, and a number of the women had bundles upon their heads. On the road below stood saddled all the ponies of the village. There was rum in plenty; and there in the bright moonlight they lay about and sat in groups, drinking and talking and listening to the elders, who told them how they were being cheated out of their lands by English planters, and how they were now going to claim their rights by forcible entry of the white man's estates, and how, until their rights were assured, they were not going to move or be forced off the lands they encamped

upon. And then came the word to march, and, for good or evil, the men left their village. The elders and head-men mounted their ponies; the men with their machetes followed in a body, and after them came the women with loads on their heads; and so in the moonlight they disappeared round the turn of the road, and the rest of the village went to sleep. And dwellers by the road heard the passing of a large company, and in the morning asked each other what it was, but, so well had the Maroons kept their secret, none of the whites knew. By sunrise the black folk had reached their destination and camped by the roadside, and when day broke they marched upon the lands which they claimed. The laborers coming to their work found themselves with new masters, who forbade them to remove a bunch of bananas or a chip of log-wood off the land, and set them to emptying the wagons which they had been filling yesterday.

The owners of the plantations riding their morning rounds found their places usurped by bands of sullen and insolent Maroons, who in reply to warnings that they were trespassing, and orders to leave the estate, were met by *tu quoque*. It was the white planter who was the trespasser, and he, and not the Maroon, who ought to quit the land. In proof of which the black men chopped a wire fence down with their machetes, just to show that they had right of way; sent a boy up a palm, who threw down the cocoanuts on it as evidence of their proprietorship; and, having ejected some Indian coolies from a cottage, established their camp in the middle of the Gibraltar estate, and on the top of a long stick hoisted a rag of white cloth, with the letters L. and M. on it, in a monogram, signifying "Loyal Maroon," which they called their flag. The women soon had fires lighted, and

while some of the band adjourned to a rum-shop on the edge of the estate, the rest lounged about smoking under the shady trees. By-and-by the news spread, and the tag-rag and bobtail of Annotto Bay and Buff Bay—black, brown and yellow, male and female—came flocking to the scene, fraternizing with the invaders, and bringing in their train vendors of fruit and fish and bread-stuffs, who saw a new market and better prices for their wares. By noon that part of the plantation was like a fair-green, and, all the disorderly and disreputable women of the neighborhood having foregathered, there was rum-drinking galore, or fights and face-scratchings, or lewd dancing. A nasty, unlovely crowd they were, these Maroons and their friends, who held possession by force of numbers of the beautiful grassy slopes and pleasant woodlands of the Gibraltar estate. By next morning, Wednesday, 28th, the news of the Maroons' law-breaking had travelled over the island, and constabulary from other stations, by twos and threes, came upon the scene. Uniforms appeared, the Inspector-General (Colonel Fawcett) and his assistant (Captain Monsell) took up their quarters at the Court House, the Kingston train landed a squad of twenty constables, who marched with rifles into the little town. Englishmen from neighboring estates rode or drove over to "see the fun," and never had Annotto Bay seen so much life in its streets before. Reinforcements of Maroons, over sixty strong, and headed by mounted men, came trudging along the road, displaying with quite superfluous ostentation the machetes and clubs which they ordinarily carry about as a matter of course and without parade; at intervals small parties of negroes—not necessarily Maroons, but merely excitable "sympathizers"—would pass along singing at the top of their dis-

cordant voices, or a batch of them on ponies, with their arms wildly swinging and clothes flapping, would go by at full gallop in the direction of the "insurgents' " camp. They were, altogether, great days for the black men, from Wednesday to the following Tuesday, and the mischief done by such a week of unpunished law-breaking—this dress rehearsal of the rebellion—must surely have been enormous. I was one morning with a party of seven Englishmen, the best-known men of the neighborhood (some the most popular, others the very reverse), waiting on the road in traps or horseback for a friend to join us, when five mounted Maroons, leaders of their kind, came galloping past, and, being hailed, halted, and in the greatest excitement (rum had evidently, even at that early hour, been already at work), informed us in answer to queries that they had not the smallest intention of respecting the law as represented either by the owners of the estates, their attorneys, or the constabulary. As they rode away one man shook his fist back at us, another his club, and shouted something we could not hear. Drunk? Excited? Quite true. But what sort of white authority is it that can be flouted in this outrageous fashion, and held in contempt for a week by a mob of scallywags? I have myself had sufficient experience of periods of excitement to refrain from the cry so common at such times, that the authorities are not taking "strong enough" measures; but I must confess I was astonished to find five days pass without even the ordinary processes of law being put in force.

In the first instance the landowners or their attorneys were to blame in not taking out summonses for trespass at once, but now that they have appealed to the law for protection it becomes the duty of government to see that the

law is enforced, and relief from their intolerable position afforded to the appellants. Before the Maroons forced matters to a crisis there was plenty of time and opportunity for the authorities to have conferred with them as to their demands, and probably settled them, for it is now claimed for the government that they were not taken by surprise, but knew "all about it" weeks ago. If this be true, matters should surely not have been allowed to drift into their present deplorable condition. It is shocking to think of private estates being invaded by trespassing mobs, and of isolated families waking up to themselves at the mercy of negro crowds. Quite recent history is horrifying reading when it tells of the excesses committed by excited gatherings of Jamaican blacks, and there is little or nothing that I or any one else can see to distinguish the present difficulty in its initial stages from the previous outbreaks that stain the history of this island. The success of the Haytian blacks incited a bloody rebellion; there is now the success of the Cubans (for as such it is looked upon by every colored man in Jamaica) to incite another. Then, as now, the island happened to be passing through a period of severe financial depression. Then, as now, "secret circulars and seditious handbills," says a local paper, have been issued (at the instigation of white and "Jamaican" agitators), "all calculated, as the government are very well aware, to arouse the worst passions of a confiding and too-easily-led peasantry." Then, as now, there chanced to be no British men-of-war on the coast. Then, as now, "the government" (perhaps because it was untried and had succeeded a notoriously "strong" one) was supposed to be "weak." And other resemblances are alleged, to which I need not allude; suffice it to say, that several hundreds

of Maroons and other negroes under a "Colonel," "Major" and "Lieutenant," as they style their leaders, are in forcible possession of private lands, and that they have the avowed sympathy of all the blacks of the immediate district. What their actual numbers are no one can tell, for they come and go by night, as well as by day, and the gathering of one day is not the gathering of the next. They "hold the fort" by relays, the whole of the tribe thus getting a taste of law-breaking with impunity. "Have they arms?" I asked a negro of the town the question. "Plenty of arms in the bush," was the reply. I asked the same question of an English official. "Depend upon it, they can put their hands on plenty if they need them."

Last night, wishing to see something more of the camp than I had done, I went up by moonlight, making it an excuse that I had heard that there was to be a dance and wanted to see a Maroon dance. As a matter of fact, it was currently reported that they had had more than one "war" dance, and that they had gone through the "war" ceremony of killing a cock and sprinkling themselves, or their machetes, with the blood. A stalwart friend, popular alike among black and white, volunteered to go with me. We two alone might, perhaps, have been received with confidence, and have seen something worth seeing. But, as luck had it, two other gentlemen joined the party, who were the reverse of popular with the Maroons—in fact, were connected with the disputed lands and especially obnoxious. The result was soon apparent. My friend, Mr. Dougall, and I entered into conversation with the head-man, who commenced an oracular dissertation upon the principles of the British Constitution, and would, in the end, have worked round to matters in hand and doubtless given us very interesting in-

formation. But a younger man, full of rum and very recent schooling, commenced an independent harangue in which, as a set-off to the elder's ungrammatical and incoherent law-lecture, he was all prosody and syntax. "You see, sir," said he, addressing me, "the old man do not observe the hyphen and the paragraph, the colon, semi-colon, full stop, and comma—." Being silenced by the elder for a moment, he would begin again: "Without the due observance, sir, of the article, which is of two kinds, the definite and the indefinite, of the different sorts of participles and—" Another rebuke from the old man, and so on for a quarter of an hour, scraps and shreds of grammar alternating with eulogy of the "hedix of the Hinglish Parl'ment" and Queen Victoria's personal partiality for her loyal Maroons. Meanwhile a third speaker was on foot, but his one sentence, savagely and sullenly reiterated, was, "We don't want no foolin' visitin' here." After the twentieth repetition the brute's growl began to take effect. Though the elder and the grammarian kept up their dialogue, it was evident from the fast-thickening crowd, all with clubs, that a disagreeable amount of attention was being drawn to us. All of a sudden a woman dashed out from the circle, and, with a long, wild yell, whirled round us. Spinning like a dervish, she shot past, her keen, shrieking cry, though heard for the first time, an unmistakable call to arms. "None of that nonsense," cried the old man; "there isn't no foolin' war-business about this visit." The grammarian had slipped in another sentence about parts of speech and the other young man had repeated his ominous formula before the elder recovered his presence of mind after the startling screech of the drunken woman, and he was about to resume his discourse, when a voice cried,

"What's good in standing here listening to old man's fool talk?" From the rear came the sullen words, "We don't want no foolin' visitin' here," and then came a wild blast blown on a horn. Dougall recognized the wicked sound at once. "None of that nonsense," he shouted in a voice heard well above the clamor, and the elder chimed in with, "There isn't no foolin' war-business about this visit. What's good in blowing that horn?" But it was evident we had stayed long enough. After Dougall had courteously thanked the elder and the grammarian for their lucid explanation of the situation, we got out of the double circle that had formed, and passed down the slope and out of sight of the now excited camp.

During the "conference" I slipped away for a minute, examined the flag, and went down to where a number of

women were cooking food by a great fire under a tree. By the firelight I saw at the foot of a tree a pile of clubs, freshly peeled. As I sauntered back to my friends I saw two men leave their places by the fire, help themselves to a club apiece, and join the noisy group. So we did not see much, but what we did see was enough to convince us that peace was not uppermost in the minds of the Maroons that night, and that if we had stayed another ten minutes we might never have got away at all. It was a queer, rather weird quarter of an hour out there under the Maroon flag, the bright full moon, the great camp-fire in the black tree-shade, the negroes all gesture, the women all excited and the knowledge behind that this was a camp of law-breakers, and the scene, perhaps, the opening one of a tragedy.

Phil Robinson.

Oct. 2, 1898.

The Contemporary Review.

MARGARET.

This is the little Margaret
That dropped from the stars!
Her face is fair as those that look
Through golden bars
Down on the earth
At sunseting.
Her brow is like some holy pearl
From the deep Indian sea,
Her eyes are only just less blue
Than they are true,
Violets all blue and dew.

Her hair is like some costly thing
From fairyland.
I dare not touch her golden hair
With the most reverent hand,
I dare not look into her eyes
With these of mine,
Lest I should sully those pure deeps
Calm and divine.

Yet, little Margaret, were I to look
Long, long enough, who knows
But the pure light that flows
Up from your maiden soul,
Through those pure wells,
Might with its gentle urgency
Wash my soul,
As men grow pure in reading some pure book,
And only sweetness may surround the rose.

O, little Margaret, that dropped from the stars!
Some day the prince will come from fairyland
And take your hand,
And lead you back once more
To all that fairyland from which you came,
To the strange seas so holy and so calm,
Where, deep in the ocean of his love,
Your face, his pearl,
Shall feel his shadow o'er you,
Like some palm
That grows by the deep, deep Indian Sea,
And loves some pearl
Rocking and shimmering thousand leagues below;
And you shall go
Back to those flower-beds
Where grew your eyes,
And to those morning skies
From which you fell,
Our little Margaret that dropped from the stars.

Richard Le Gallienne.

The Speaker.

THE NILE VALLEY.

Mr. Boulger's "The Congo State," just out, throws much light on the "Fashoda question," as it is called—a phrase which covers two questions, that of the Nile waterway, and that of the future of the Western Nile Valley or Bahr-el-Ghazl. Mr. Boulger's book illustrates, from the archives of the Congo State, the great value of the Bahr-el-Ghazl, of which we already knew from many travellers. For two hundred miles the country is "re-

markably fertile," and "the people entirely given up to agricultural pursuits." They have many goats, and varieties of Indian corn spread like an ocean, "extending in all directions as far as the horizon. What wealth!" The value of the populous and settled parts of the Bahr-el-Ghazl is often forgotten, and the miserable poverty of the greater part of the Egyptian Sudan is such that it is impossible to wonder that those who have described

its barrenness and who have not visited the Bahr-el-Ghazl should be unable to realize the value of the country through which Major Marchand descended the Nile tributaries to reach Fashoda. Fashoda, on the other hand, is a spot so unhealthy that, even in the Nile regions, it is conspicuous for a special "Fashoda fever" of its own, and the gaps in the single company of the Cameronians who were at Fashoda for the briefest possible period bear eloquent testimony to the fact. The newspapers have quoted the declaration of Sir Edward Grey as though it referred to Fashoda or to the Nile. It referred, of course, to the Nile Valley, and includes the Bahr-el-Ghazl and all the smaller tributaries flowing into this valley, which is what is intended by the official phrase "the Western Nile Valley." Personally, I do not share the African turn of mind, and have always been opposed to conquest in the Soudan. But my own main objection to the recent series of expeditions was that, even if we accepted the popular point of view, the Government refused to tell us that they had any intention of going beyond Khartoum; and refused to face the question that lay beyond—until indeed the last debate of all, when they for the first time said that they intended to free the waterway of the Nile. This phrase appears to exclude the valuable provinces, and to leave the future of the Bahr-el-Ghazl, Dafur and Wadal to France. After the clear declarations of the present Government with regard to what in the Niger district was undoubtedly ours, and the surrender, for the sake of peace, of a portion of it to France, I cannot but suppose that, in the case of declarations made, not by the present but by the late Government, with regard to the future of the Nile Valley, compromise is in Government minds, and that they are more concerned with getting

Major Marchand out of Fashoda than with maintaining any rights of Egypt in the fertile provinces of the Nile Valley and to the west.

I have reason to believe that just before the Niger compromise was arrived at, the French were willing to declare that Captain Marchand had been sent out by the Colonial group out of their own funds, and merely lent, with his brother officers, to the Colonial party by Government, provided France obtained on the Niger that which she did afterwards obtain without being called upon to make this declaration. Personally, however, I repeat I am not an African; I believe that our trade interests, and consequently our political interests, in other parts of the world—in China for example—are obscured by a mid-African mania, that Africa will be slow to develop, and probably never at any time be important to us as a market for our goods, in the sense in which India, the United States, South America, Australia and China are important. The development of Africa, extending over a long period, will not be completed without interruption by general war, and if we need our share of African markets, when they become markets for something besides Hamburg gin, guns and powder, we shall be able, with our command of the sea, to make such terms as we please with regard to the Central and South African colonies of other Powers.

There has been a complete forgetfulness of many facts which bear upon the problem of the future of the Western Nile Valley. In 1890, as Mr. Boulger shows, the founders of the British East Africa Company secretly handed over to the Congo State the administration of those portions of this territory which might be within or brought within their sphere. In those days there was no excitement about a possible British route from the Cape to

Cairo. In the papers of last Wednesday morning Sir John Kennaway is reported as having said that after our destruction of the Khalifa's power, "North and South were able to join hands, and, as Sir Herbert Kitchener had indicated in his telegram to Mr. Rhodes, the way was open from Cairo to the Cape." But the way is not open. Lord Salisbury closed it. In 1890 he brought Germany up to the Congo State. In the Blue Book which was laid before Parliament in 1890, with regard to the Heligoland Agreement, it was suggested that it was then too late to save a route, and a hint was given that in 1886 the route had virtually been given up by us. I always doubted the veracity of this statement, which would have been more definite if it had been true, and I have frequently asked about it in Parliament without effect. A passage in Busch's "Bismarck" shows that I was right, and that it was not until the negotiations of 1890, there chronicled, that the Germans were in any sense seated in the neighborhood of the Congo State. It will be remembered that the district so given to them was that dotted with stations of our Universities' Missions, in towns which now, unhappily, are shown by M. Lionel Dècle to be the seat, under German rule, of great oppression. After Lord Salisbury's settlement of 1890, Lord Rosebery tried to reopen the matter by his agreement of May, 1894, and it will be remembered that Germany at once interposed, so far as the Cape to Cairo road was concerned, and vetoed the agreement. It is to the other interposition, which occurred on the same day, that of France, so important in its bearing on the Fashoda question, that Mr. Boulger directs our attention.

In May, 1894, Lord Rosebery and Lord Kimberley granted to the Congo State a lease which included the Bahr-

el-Ghazl and Fashoda, and granted this territory as part of a British sphere recognized by Germany and not as Egyptian territory, although any Turco-Egyptian rights were reserved in the usual conventional phrase. It seems impossible to suppose that in granting this lease the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs were not aware that there would be French objection. Certainly every one else was painfully aware of the certainty of French interposition. Mr. Boulger shows how it occurred. The French denounced the whole proceeding, threatened the King of the Belgians and forced the Congo State instantly to renounce the Bahr-el-Ghazl; but left to the Congo State a smaller lease of a little strip of the Nile-bank, close to our Uganda-Unyoro Protectorate, which the Belgians now occupy as our tenants. We shall have to wait, as the Irishman might say, till all of us are dead before we know how it was that the Cabinet which granted the lease of the Bahr-el-Ghazl said not one word with regard to its destruction under menace, which, if informed by the Prime Minister and Secretary of State, they must have foreseen. Lord Rosebery in the Siam affair showed his firmness. Indeed, in the whole course of his conduct of foreign affairs, as Foreign Secretary and afterwards as Prime Minister, this Congo-lease affair stands out conspicuously as the only apparent instance of vacillation, as contrasted with all the vacillations of Lord Salisbury since 1895. The facts almost suggest that the lease was granted without the attention of the Cabinet as a whole being called to it, and that the Cabinet was not inclined to back up action, the need for which might have been anticipated. Nevertheless, Sir Edward Grey in the following year was directed to go somewhat out of his way to make the

declaration in Parliament which has attracted much attention in the last few weeks, though the other matter, equally important, has attracted none. I say that Sir Edward Grey went out of his way to make this declaration in 1895. In August, 1894, after the success of the French in destroying the Bahr-el-Ghazl convention, including Fashoda, Colonel Montell had been stopped by France in his advance towards the Nile; and all that was done by France was to take over the Belgian posts in the interior. It was not until 1896, after the Conservative party had come in, that Major Marchand (as he now is) was again ordered to proceed towards the Nile. It is possible that Sir Edward Grey's declaration was based upon the proceedings in the previous year of Colonel Montell. It is possible that it had the effect of postponing the action of Major Marchand. But at all events it is the case that, whatever may be said of the apparent desertion of the Congo State by the late Government and their practical acquiescence in French violence of language with regard to the Bahr-el-Ghazl, the march of the French towards the Nile was suspended in their time, and was begun again in deliberate defiance of Sir Edward Grey's statement that it would be a hostile act, after the present Government had been some time in power. Mr. Boulger points out the disastrous help to Mahdism which was given by the retirement, under French compulsion, from the Bahr-el-Ghazl of the Belgian outposts, who had repulsed the Dervishes and whose withdrawal was regarded as the discomfiture of the Europeans. The Belgians at great sacrifice had reached the Nile in strength, and they have even now upon it 3000 men and a gunboat, and are in a material position altogether superior to that of France.

The Saturday Review.

The entirely new and most curious point in Mr. Boulger's book is, however, that which concerns the future. Over and over again he tells us (and he would not have done so without the leave of the King of the Belgians—for his book comes near being an official volume) that the King of the Belgians will once more offer to take over the Bahr-el-Ghazl territory, which was included in the Rosebery-Kimberley lease. The argument is this: Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has told us that what England wants is a free waterway on the Nile. That she will have. France is at Fashoda, and will fight rather than that England should drive her back. France may, however, be persuaded to take the view that if she is not to have the Bahr-el-Ghazl and the west shore of the Nile, it is a French triumph that, at all events, it shall not fall to the United Kingdom, and shall go to a State over which France has a right of pre-emption. The King of the Belgians steps in, and, like the lawyer in the fable, takes the oyster. In the last passage in which Mr. Boulger alludes to this matter he treats this future as being so clear as to be virtually settled.

The point in the whole matter which most gravely concerns Englishmen is the effect upon our political credit in the world if declarations such as that of Sir Edward Grey are to be explained away as meaning nothing. No one in this country can be less inclined than I am to Mid-African adventure or to war for any part of the interior of Africa; but the public seem to have taken a different view, and a declaration solemnly made by one party and accepted by the other cannot be eluded without a blow to our interests in all parts of the world such as they have not hitherto, even recently, received.

Charles W. Dilke.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

DECEMBER 3, 1898.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE DROUGHT.*

As long as the long days lasted no rain came. From the middle of June till the beginning of September the country was bathed in continual sunshine.

The rain refused to fall, the earth to nourish, the winds to blow. Sunshine only streamed down on the earth. The grass was not yet high and could not grow; the rye was without nourishment just when it should have gathered food in its ears; the wheat, from which most of the bread was baked, never came up more than a few inches; the late sowed turnips never sprouted; not even the potatoes could draw sustenance from that petrified earth.

At such times they begin to be frightened far away in the forest huts, and from the mountains the terror comes down to the calmer people on the plain.

"There is some one whom God's hand is seeking!" say the people.

And each one beats his breast and says: "Is it I? Is it from horror of me that the rain holds back? Is it in wrath against me that the stern earth dries up and hardens?—and the perpetual sunshine—is it to heap coals of fire on my head? Or if it is not I, who is it whom God's hand is seeking?"

It was a Sunday in August. The

service was over. The people wandered in groups along the sunny roads. On all sides they saw burned woods and ruined crops. There had been many forest fires; and what they had spared, insects had taken.

The gloomy people did not lack for subjects of conversation. There were many who could tell how hard it had been in the years of famine of eighteen hundred and eight and nine, and in the cold winter of eighteen hundred and twelve, when the sparrows froze to death. They knew how to make bread out of bark, and how the cows could be taught to eat moss.

There was one woman who had tried a new kind of bread of cranberries and corn meal. She had a sample with her, and let the people taste it. She was proud of her invention.

But over them all floated the same question. It stared from every eye, was whispered from every lip: "Who is it, Lord, whom Thy hand seeks?"

A man in the gloomy crowd, which had gone westward and struggled up Broby hill, stopped a minute before the path which led up to the house of the mean Broby clergyman. He picked up a dry stick from the ground and threw it upon the path.

"Dry as that stick have the prayers been which he has given our Lord," said the man.

He who walked next to him also stopped. He took up a dry branch and threw it where the stick had fallen.

* From "The Story of Gosta Berling." Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

"That is the proper offering to that priest," he said.

The third in the crowd followed the others' example.

"He has been like the drought; sticks and straw are all that he has let us keep."

The fourth said: "We give him back what he has given us."

And the fifth: "For a perpetual disgrace I throw this to him. May he dry up and wither away like this branch."

"Dry food to the dry priest," said the sixth.

The people who came after see what they are doing and hear what they say. Now they get the answer to their long questioning.

"Give him what belongs to him! He has brought the drought on us."

And each one stops; each one says his word and throws his branch before he goes on.

In the corner by the path there soon lies a pile of sticks and straw—a pile of shame for the Broby clergyman.

That was their only revenge. No one lifted his hand against the clergyman or said an angry word to him. Desperate hearts cast off part of their burden by throwing a dry branch on the pile. They did not revenge themselves. They only pointed out the guilty one to the God of retribution.

"If we have not worshipped you rightly, it is that man's fault. Be pitiful, Lord, and let him alone suffer! We mark him with shame and dishonor. We are not with him."

It soon became the custom for every one who passed the vicarage to throw a dry branch on the pile of shame.

The old miser soon noticed the pile by the woodside. He had it carried away—some said that he heated his stove with it. The next day a new pile had collected on the same spot, and as soon as he had that taken away a new one was begun.

The dry branches lay there and said: "Shame, shame to the Broby clergyman!"

Soon the people's meaning became clear to him. He understood that they pointed to him as the origin of their misfortune. It was in wrath at him God let the earth languish. He tried to laugh at them and their branches; but when it had gone on a week he laughed no more. Oh, what childishness! How can those dry sticks injure him? He understood that the hate of years sought an opportunity of expressing itself. What of that?—he was not used to love.

For all this he did not become more gentle. He had perhaps wished to improve after the old lady had visited him; now he could not. He would not be forced to it.

But gradually the pile grew too strong for him. He thought of it continually, and the feeling which every one cherished took root also in him. He watched the pile, counted the branches which had been added every day. The thought of it encroached upon all other thoughts. The pile was destroying him.

Every day he felt more and more the people were right. He grew thin and very old in a couple of weeks. He suffered from remorse and indisposition. But it was as if everything depended on that pile. It was as if his remorse would grow silent, and the weight of years be lifted off him, if only that pile would stop growing.

Finally he sat there all day and watched; but the people were without mercy. At night there were always new branches thrown on.

In the Broby church the sermon was over and the usual prayers read. The minister was just going to step down from the pulpit, but he hesitated; finally he fell on his knees and prayed for rain.

He prayed as a desperate man prays, with few words, without coherency.

"If it is my sin which has called down Thy wrath, let me alone suffer! If there is any pity in Thee, Thou God of mercy, let it rain! Take the shame from me! Let it rain in answer to my prayer! Let the rain fall on the fields of the poor! Give Thy people bread!"

The day was hot; the sultriness was intolerable. The congregation sat as if in a torpor; but at these broken words, this hoarse despair, every one had awakened.

"If there is a way of expiation for me, give rain—"

He stopped speaking. The doors stood open. There came a violent gust of wind. It rushed along the ground, whirled into the church, in a cloud of dust, full of sticks and straw. The clergyman could not continue; he staggered down from the pulpit.

The people trembled. Could that be an answer?

But the gust was only the forerunner of the thunder storm. It came rushing with an unheard-of violence. When the psalm was sung, and the clergyman stood by the altar, the lightning was already flashing, and the thunder crashing, drowning the sound of his voice. As the sexton struck up the final march, the first drops were already pattering against the green window-panes, and the people hurried out to see the rain. But they were not content with that; some wept, others laughed, while they let the torrents stream over them. Ah, how great had been their need! How unhappy they had been! But God is good! God let it rain! What joy, what joy!

The Broby clergyman was the only one who did not come out into the rain. He lay on his knees before the altar and did not rise. The joy had been too violent for him. He died of happiness.

AN ANDALUSIAN COOK.*

Pilar was a young peasant woman. I do not know from what village she came,—somewhere in the neighborhood of Málaga. She was paid three dollars a month, and she "found" herself. A *chef* in that happy land gets five dollars a month; but times were bad, and my friends had had for three years to content themselves with a woman cook. She cooked well, though, and cheerfully, and she prepared more meals in the twenty-four hours than any other cook I ever heard of. The children of the household were of various ages and sexes,

and went to various schools, and needed their meals at separate hours. To be sure, the master of the house was keeping a strict Lent that year, and only ate one meal a day, but that had to be in the middle of it, consequently it had to be cooked and served alone. Madame was delicate, and not only could not fast, but had to have very good and very nourishing food, and to have it very often during the day. There was room for no Spanish procrastination, I am sure, in Pilar's kitchen, but there must have been plenty of *bonne volonté*.

She seemed to have identified herself thoroughly with the family, and to work with a zealous love for them

* From "A Corner of Spain." By Miriam Coles Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.25.

all. There was, however, one of the many children for whom she had a special affection, a very delicate little maiden of two and a half. During the autumn this child had been desperately ill. The doctors gave no hope. Pilar in anguish prayed for her recovery, and promised the Bestower of life that if He would spare little Anita she would, before the end of Holy Week, carry to the shrine, on the top of the "Calvary" outside the town, one pound of olive oil to be burned in His honor. She promised a great many prayers beside, which she managed to get said, in the intervals of her frying and stewing and boiling.

Well, the little girl, contrary to the doctors, began to mend, and finally was entirely restored to health. Pilar was most grateful, and said many Aves in thanksgiving. The winter was a busy one, and then Lent came and seemed no less busy in that big household. Pilar did not forget the pound of oil, but there never seemed a moment when she could ask a half day to go and carry it to the shrine. Holy week came, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,—what should she do! She could scarcely get away from her work even to go out to her parish church on Holy Thursday, to say a little prayer before the Repository, where, throned in flowers and lighted with myriad candles, the Blessed Sacrament is kept till the morning of Good Friday. As to going to seven churches and saying her prayers before each Repository, as other people did, that, alas! was not "for the likes of her." She had a dumb, deep-down feeling, however that the good God knew, and that it would be all right. On her way back from her hurried prayer at the church, a procession passed which she watched for a moment. But this only proved painful, for it had begun to rain, and her pious southern soul was aflame with wrath

that the image of the Blessed Redeemer should be exposed to the storm.

"They don't care about wetting his dear curls," she cried, "as long as they can have a good procession."

She shook her fist at the crowd, and came away in tears. Her mistress, a devout Catholic, tried to console her by reminding her that, after all, it was only an image, and not the dear Lord she loved. Oh, she knew *that*; but it was cruel, but it was shameful! She felt as a mother would feel if the dress of her dead baby, or its little half-worn shoe were spoiled by the caprice or cold-heartedness of some one who had no feeling for it. Altogether, Holy Thursday was not very consoling to Pilar, and the pound of oil grew heavier every hour.

The next day, Good Friday, she had only time to go to church through the silent streets, where no wheels were heard, and say her prayers and look at the black, black altars and the veiled statues. That night, after her work was done, and the last baby had been served with its last porridge, she put her kitchen in hurried order and stole out silently. She had bought the pound of oil at a little shop in the next street and, hiding it under her shawl, turned her steps towards Barcenillas.

The night was black and tempestuous. A hot, dry wind blew; occasionally a gust brought a few drops of rain, but more often it was only a roaring gale, which made the street-lamps blink, and whirled the dust around her. It was a long way to the suburb; it was late; there were few abroad. But no matter, the good Lord knew why she was out, and He would take care of her.

There were no trams running in the days of Holy Week. From Holy Thursday till after the cathedral bells ring for first vespers on Holy Saturday no horse is taken out of its stall,

no wheels move in the streets of Málaga. It was nearly midnight when she got to Barcenillas. She crossed the silent plaza, passed through the gate and began the ascent of the steep hill. There is a broad road that winds up it, and at every "station" there is a lamp burning. She knelt at each as she reached it. But the place was very lonely; the eucalyptus trees shook and whispered to each other and the lamps were dim, and flickered in the rough wind. The night before there had been processions all through the night, crowds upon crowds going up the hill; she would not have been lonely then. But she could not get away, because of little Josef's being ill and needing the water heated for his bath every hour. Yes, it would have been nicer last night, with all the priests, and all the chanting, and all the flaming torches. But the good God knew all about it,—why she did not come then, when she wanted to,—and why she came now, when she was afraid, and almost did not want to. Not that

exactly; she *did* want to,—only—oh, but then He knew; she would not worry, but she said her prayers with chattering teeth and many furtive looks behind her.

At last she reached the summit, where in a little chapel burned the light that could be seen for miles around Málaga. There a solitary brother knelt, saying his beads and keeping watch. She said her last prayers at the altar, and left the votive oil with the friar, who commended her piety and was very kind. As she came out, the clouds broke and the Paschal moon shone through them, and the broad road led down with smooth ease towards the sleeping, silent city. Her steps made just as lonely echoes on the stones of the deserted streets, but she felt herself favored of heaven, as no doubt she was, and all her fears were gone.

It was after three o'clock when she let herself in at the kitchen door; and it was several weeks before her mistress learned, by accident, of the dolorous little pilgrimage.

THE CAPTIVE FOX.*

As night came down the little fellow became very uneasy, sneaking out of his box, but going back at each slight alarm, tugging at his chain, or at times biting it in fury while he held it down with his fore paws. Suddenly he paused as though listening, then raising his little black nose he poured out a short quavering cry.

Once or twice this was repeated, the time between being occupied in worrying the chain and running about. Then an answer came, the far-away

Yap-yurrr of the old fox. A few minutes later a shadowy form appeared on the wood-plie. The little one slunk into his box, but at once returned and ran to meet his mother with all the gladness that a fox could show. Quick as a flash she seized him and turned to bear him away by the road she came. But the moment the end of the chain was reached the cub was rudely jerked from the old one's mouth, and she, scared by the opening of a window, fled over the wood-plie.

An hour afterward the cub had ceased to run about or cry. I peeped out, and by the light of the moon saw

* From "Wild Animals I Have Known." By Ernest Seton Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$2.

the form of the mother at full length on the ground by the little one, gnawing at something—the clank of iron told what, it was that cruel chain. And Tip, the little one, meanwhile was helping himself to a warm drink.

On my going out she fled into the dark woods, but there by the shelter-box were two little mice, bloody and still warm, food for the cub brought by the devoted mother. And in the morning I found the chain was very bright for a foot or two next the little one's collar.

On walking across the woods to the ruined den, I again found signs of Vixen. The poor heart-broken mother had come and dug out the bedraggled bodies of her little ones.

There lay the three little baby foxes all licked smooth now, and by them were two of our hens, fresh killed. The newly heaved earth was printed all over with tell-tale signs—signs that told me that here by the side of her dead she had watched like Rizpah. Here she brought their usual meal, the spoil of her nightly hunt. Here she had stretched herself beside them and vainly offered them their natural drink, and yearned to feed and warm them as of old; but only stiff little bodies under their soft wool she found, and little cold noses, still and unresponsive.

A deep impress of elbows, breast and hocks showed where she had lain in silent grief and watched for them long and mourned as a wild mother can mourn for its young. But from that time she came no more to the ruined den, for now she surely knew that her little ones were dead.

Tip, the captive, the weakling of the brood, was now the heir to all her love. The dogs were loosed to guard the hens. The hired man had orders to shoot the old fox on sight—so had I, but was resolved never to see her.

Chicken-heads, that a fox loves and

a dog will not touch, had been poisoned and scattered through the woods; and the only way to the yard, where Tip was tied, was by climbing the wood-pile after braving all other dangers. And yet each night old Vix was there to nurse her baby and bring it fresh-killed hens and game. Again and again I saw her, although she came now without awaiting the querulous cry of the captive.

The second night of the captivity I heard the rattle of the chain, and then made out that the old fox was there, hard at work digging a hole by the little one's kennel. When it was deep enough to half bury her, she gathered into it all the slack of the chain, and filled it again with earth. Then in triumph thinking she had gotten rid of the chain, she seized little Tip by the neck and turned to dash off up the wood-pile, but alas only to have him jerked roughly from her grasp.

Poor little fellow, he whimpered sadly as he crawled into his box. After half an hour there was a great outcry among the dogs, and by their straight-away tonguing through the far woods I knew they were chasing Vix. Away up north they went in the direction of the railway, and their noise faded from hearing. Next morning the hound had not come back. We soon knew why. Foxes long ago learned what a railroad is; they soon devised several ways of turning it to account. One way is, when hunted, to walk the rails for a long distance just before a train comes. The scent, always poor on iron, is destroyed by the train, and there is always a chance of hounds being killed by the engine. But another way, more sure, but harder to play, is to lead the hounds straight to a high trestle just ahead of the train, so that the engine overtakes them on it and they are surely dashed to destruction.

This trick was skilfully played, and down below we found the mangled re-

main of old Ranger and learned that Vix was already wreaking her revenge.

That same night she returned to the yard before Spot's weary limbs could bring him back, and killed another hen and brought it to Tip, and stretched her panting length beside him that he might quench his thirst. For she seemed to think he had no food but what she brought. It was that hen that betrayed to my uncle the nightly visits.

My own sympathies were all turning to Vix, and I would have no hand in planning further murders. Next night my uncle himself watched, gun in hand, for an hour. Then when it became cold and the moon clouded over, he remembered other important business elsewhere, and left Paddy in his place.

But Paddy was "onaisy" as the stillness and anxiety of watching worked on his nerves. And the loud bang! bang! an hour later left us sure only that powder had been burned.

In the morning we found Vix had not failed her young one. Again next night found my uncle on guard, for another hen had been taken. Soon after dark a single shot was heard, but Vix dropped the game she was bringing and escaped. Another attempt made that night called forth another gun-shot. Yet next day it was seen by the brightness of the chain that she had come again and vainly tried for hours to cut that hateful bond.

Such courage and stanch fidelity were bound to win respect, if not toleration. At any rate, there was no gunner in wait next night, when all was still. Could it be of any use? Driven off thrice with gun-shots, would she make another try to feed or free her captive young one?

Would she? Hers was a mother's love. There was but one to watch them this time, the fourth night, when the quavering whine of the little one

was followed by that shadowy form above the wood-pile. But carrying no fowl or food that could be seen.

Had the keen huntress failed at last? Had she no head of game for this her only charge, or had she learned to trust his captors for his food?

No; far from all this. The wild-wood mother's heart and hate were true. Her only thought had been to set him free. All means she knew she tried, and every danger braved to tend him well, and help him to be free. But all had failed.

Like a shadow she came and in a moment was gone, and Tip seized on something dropped, and crunched and chewed with relish what she brought. But even as he ate, a knife-like pang shot through and a scream of pain escaped him. Then there was a momentary struggle and the little fox was dead.

The mother's love was strong in Vix, but a higher thought was stronger. She knew right well the poison's power; she knew the poison bait, and would have taught him had he lived to know and shun it too. But now at last when she must choose for him a wretched prisoner's life or sudden death, she quenched the mother in her breast and freed him by the one remaining door.

It is when the snow is on the ground that we take the census of the woods, and when the winter came it told me that Vix no longer roamed the woods of Erindale. Where she went it never told, but only this, that she was gone.

Gone, perhaps, to some other far-off haunt to leave behind the sad remembrance of her murdered little ones and mate. Or gone, may be, deliberately from the scene of a sorrowful life, as many a wild-wood mother has gone, by the means that she herself had used to free her young one, the last of all her brood.

A VOLUNTARY EXILE FROM GRAND PRE.*

In the biggest house of that "Colony of Compromise" on the hill—the house nearest the chapel prison—a girl stood at a south window watching the flames in the village below. The flames, at least, she seemed to be watching. What she saw was the last little column of prisoners marching away from the chapel; and her teeth were set hard upon her under lip.

She was not thinking; she was simply clarifying a confused resolve.

White and thin, and with deep purple hollows under her great eyes, she was nevertheless not less beautiful than when a few months before joyous mirth had flashed from her every look and gesture, as colored lights from a fire-opal. She still wore on her small feet moccasins of Indian work; but now, in winter, they were of heavy, soft, white caribou-skin, laced high upon the ankles, and ornamented with a quaint pattern of red and green porcupine quills. Her skirt and bodice were of creamy woollen cloth. Over her shoulders, crossed upon her breast and caught in her girdle, was spread a scarf of dark yellow silk. The little black lace shawl was flung back from her head, and her hands, twisted tightly in the ends of it, were for a wonder quite still—tensely still, with an air of final decision. Close beside her, flung upon the back of a high wooden settee, lay a long, heavy, hooded cloak of gray homespun, such as the peasant women of Acadie were wont to wear in winter as an over-garment.

A door behind her opened, but Yvonne did not turn her head. George Anderson came in. He came to the window, and tried to look into her

eyes. His face was grave with anxiety, but touched, too, with a curious mixture of impatience and relief. He spoke at once, in a voice both tender and tolerant.

"There go the last of them, poor chaps!" he said. "Captain Grande went some hours ago—quite early. I pray, dear, that now he is gone—to exile indeed, but in safety—you will recover your peace of mind, and throw off this morbid mood, and be just a little bit kinder to—some people!" And he tried, with an awkward timidity, to take her hand.

She turned upon him a sombre, compassionate gaze, but far-off, almost as if she saw him in a dream.

"Don't touch me—just now," she said gently, removing her hand. "I must go out into the pastures for air. I think. All this stifles me! No; alone, alone!" she added more quickly, in answer to an entreaty in his eyes. "But, oh, I am sorry, so sorry, beyond words, that I cannot seem kind to—some people! Good-by."

Yvonne almost laughed aloud as she ran, deaf to the growing roar at the farther end of the village and heedless of the flaring crimson that made the air like blood. The wharf, when she reached it, was in a final spasm of confusion, and shouted orders, and sobbings. Now, she grew cautious. Drawing her cloak close about her face, she pushed through the crowd toward the boat.

Just then a firm hand was laid upon her arm, and a very low voice said in her ear—with less surprise, to be sure, than on a former occasion by Gasper-eau lower ford,—

"You here, Mademoiselle de Lamourie?"

* From "A Sister to Evangeline." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.

Her heart stood still; and she turned upon him a look of such imploring, desperate dismay that Lieutenant Waldron without another word drew her to one side. Then she found voice.

"Oh, if you have any mercy, any pity, do not betray me," she whispered.

"But what does this mean? It is my duty to ask," he persisted, still puzzled.

"I am trying to save my life, my soul, everything, before it's too late!" she said.

"Oh," said he, comprehending suddenly. "Well, I think you had better not tell me anything more. I think it is *not* my duty to say anything about this meeting. You may be doing right. I wish you good fortune and good-by, mademoiselle!"—and, to her wonder, he was off among the crowd.

Still trembling from the encounter, she hastened to the boat.

She found it already half-laden; and in the stern, to her delight, she saw Mother Pêche's red mantle. She was on the point of calling to her, but checked herself just in time. The boat was twenty paces from the wharfedge; and those twenty paces were deep ooze, intolerable beyond measure to white moccasins. Absorbed in her one purpose, which was to get on board the ship without delay, she had not looked to one side or the other, but had regarded women, children, soldiers, boatmen, as so many bushes to be pushed through. Now, however, letting her hood part a little from her face, she glanced hither and thither with her quick imperiousness, and then from her feet to that breadth of slime, as if demanding an instant bridge. The next thing she knew she was lifted by a pair of stout arms and carried swiftly through the mud to the boat-side.

After a moment's hot flush of indignation at the liberty, she realized that

this was by far the best possible solution of the problem, as there was no bridge forthcoming. She looked up gratefully, and saw that her cavalier was a big red-coat, with a boyish, jolly face. As he gently set her down in the boat she gave him a radiant look which brought the very blood to his ears.

"Thank you very much indeed!" she said, in an undertone. "I don't know how I should have managed but for your kindness. But really it is very wrong of you to take such trouble about *me*; for I see these other poor things have had to wade through the mud, and their skirts are terrible."

The big red-coat stood gazing at her in open-mouthed adoration, speechless; but a comrade, busy in the boat stowing baggage, answered for him.

"That's all right, miss," said he. "Don't you worry about Eph. He's been carryin' children all day long, an' some few women because they was sick. He's arned the right to carry one woman jest fer her beauty."

In some confusion Yvonne turned away, very fearful of being recognized. She hurriedly squeezed herself down in the stern by Mother Pêche. The old dame's hand sought hers, furtively, under the cloak.

"I went to look for you, mother," she whispered into the red shawl.

"I knew you'd come, poor heart, dear heart!" muttered the old woman.

"I waited for you till they *dragged* me away. But I knew you'd come."

"How did you know that, mother?" whispered Yvonne, delighted to find that this momentous act of hers had seemed to some one just the expected and inevitable thing. "Why, I didn't know it myself till half an hour ago."

Mother Pêche looked wise and mysterious.

"I knew it," she reiterated. "Why, dear heart, I knew all along you loved him."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is said that when "The Little Minister" was played recently at Kirriemuir, the original "Thrums," it was "guyed" by the natives as a caricature.

The *Athenæum* reports that the health of Mr. R. D. Blackmore has not been of late so satisfactory as could be wished, but it speaks hopefully of the prospect of its improvement.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has a sequel to "Sentimental Tommy" half completed, under the title of "The Celebrated Tommy." Tommy had some interesting qualities, but not a few readers will question whether there was quite enough of him to be worth a second volume.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, in a new romance of 1745, entitled "Ricroft of Withens" puts forward an explanation of the movements of Prince Charlie at the time when he is said to have left his army in their retreat. Mr. Sutcliffe takes him to Kendal via Haworth.

So many of the military and naval commanders in the late war are publishing accounts of their operations, in magazines and books, that popular appreciation of Admiral Dewey will certainly be enhanced by a knowledge of the fact that he has refused five thousand dollars for a magazine article.

According to the *Scots Pictorial*, Mr. Neil Munro drew the character of "John Spleddid" from life, the original being a butcher of Helensburgh, known locally as Peter Splendid. Mr. Munro, by the way, has written a new story, called "The Paymaster's Boy,"

which is to appear as a serial in *Good Words* next year.

An English publisher has collected, in a volume entitled "Drift from Longshore" a number of papers by "A Son of the Marshes," some of which have appeared in *The Living Age*. Mrs. J. A. Owen, who edits the book, tells the reader that the paternal "marshes" are in Kent, and that Milton-next-Sittingsbourne is their centre. In one at least of the papers certain parts of Sussex are described.

A multitude of translations, good, bad and indifferent, attest the remarkable popularity of M. Edmond Rostand's comedy "Cyrano de Bergerac." Among them all, the most satisfactory, both as regards accuracy and literary quality, is that made by Mr. Howard Thayer Kingsbury (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers). This is the version which has been accepted by Mr. Mansfield for stage presentation.

One of the questions which interested Mr. Gladstone, according to Sir Edward Hamilton, in his recently published monograph, was: "Who are the four greatest poets of the world?" Mr. Gladstone thought there could be no doubt that the first three places must be assigned to Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. For the fourth place he regarded Æschylus, Virgil, Milton and Goethe as competitors, but his final choice was Goethe. The two greatest masters of English in recent times Mr. Gladstone decided to be Cardinal Newman and Mr. Ruskin.

Apropos of the article on Shakespeare and Bacon which *The Living Age* of October 1st reprinted from *The*

Quarterly Review, it is interesting to learn, from an exultant announcement by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, that he has discovered a cipher in Shakespeare's Sonnets and in Ben Johnson's plays, as well as in Shakespeare's plays; and that by an application of his key to the inscription on the gravestone over Shakespeare's remains, he is able to extract from it this remarkable cipher sentence: "Francis Bacon wrote the Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare Plays." Mr. Donnelly expresses a serene confidence that his forthcoming book will go far to settle the whole Baconian controversy.

In Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to "The Newcomes" in the Biographical edition of Thackeray, (Harper & Bros., publishers) there is this reference to the numerous conjectures which have been made regarding the original of Col. Newcome:

It is almost touching to realize how many people have found the original of Colonel Newcome, to their personal satisfaction, in various individuals. I could almost laugh sometimes when one old friend after another says, "Have you never thought that So-and-so may have suggested the original character that your father must have meant to describe—?" I never heard my father say that when he wrote Colonel Newcome any special person was in his mind, but it was always an understood thing that my step-grandfather had many of Colonel Newcome's characteristics, and there was also a brother of the Major's, General Charles Carmichael, who was very like Colonel Newcome in looks; a third family Colonel Newcome was Sir Richmond Shakespeare; and how many more are there not, present and yet to come? According to a friendly biographer of the Thackeray family, they abound in India!

The long-mooted question whether reviews are of assistance in selling a book receives an affirmative answer

in the case of Hugh Conway's story, "Called Back." This story was written in six weeks for the sum of \$400, and was published as "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual" in 1883. It sold only three thousand copies in three months, but a notice of it in *Truth* in January, 1884, started a demand for it, and up to the present time 370,000 copies of it have been sold in Great Britain and the colonies alone. Those were days before an English book enjoyed copyright protection in the United States; and of the numerous American publishers who put out editions of "Called Back," Henry Holt & Co. was the only house which volunteered any payments to the author. His English publisher treated him generously, cancelling the original agreement and paying him royalty on every copy sold.

The greatest charm of a scrap book is perhaps in its personal quality, and it is rare that such a book has sequence enough to make it of actual value from the student's point of view. But in a volume entitled "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution" (A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers) Mrs. E. W. Latimer has brought together an unusually good collection of facts, descriptive passages, extracts from rare letters and manuscripts, clippings from higher grade magazines, anecdotes that are never snatched unfeelingly from their appropriate settings, and translations not only of noteworthy French articles, but of verses by such poets as Victor Hugo and François Coppée. That the translations are often her own adds to the interest of a work which still retains much of the peculiar attractiveness of the scrap book. The volume is illustrated, and is uniform with Mrs. Latimer's histories of the several continental countries during the present century.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- American Colonization, The Romance of.** By William Elliot Griffis. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Authors, Recent, Personal Sketches of.** By Hattie Tyng Griswold. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Bible, The, Questions and Answers about.** By the Rev. Albert Wellman Hitchcock. Thomas Whittaker, publisher. Price 50 cents.
- Christian Rationalism: Essays on Matters in Debate between Faith and Unbelief.** By J. H. Rylance, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, publisher. Price \$1.25.
- Cyrano de Bergerac. From the French of Edmond Rostand. Done into English Verse by Howard Thayer Kingsbury.** Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- England and the Hundred Years' War.** By C. W. C. Oman, M.A., F.S.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price 50 cents.
- Florida Alexander, A Kentucky Girl.** By Eleanor Talbot Kincaid. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- French Revolution, The, My Scrap Book of.** Edited by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$2.50.
- From Sunset Ridge: Poems Old and New.** By Julia Ward Howe. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- General Nelson's Scout.** By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Gladstone, Mr. A Monograph.** By Sir Edward W. Hamilton, K.C.B. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Gösta Berling, The Story of.** Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Hawaii and Japan, Vacation Days in.** By Charles M. Taylor, Jr. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$2.
- Katie, A Daughter of the King.** By Mary A. Gilmore. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.
- Katrina.** By Ellen Douglas Deland. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Kittyboy's Christmas.** By Amy E. Blanchard. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price 50 cents.
- Love in Epigram.** Compiled by Frederic W. Morton. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- Luxury and Sacrifice.** By Charles F. Dole. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., publishers. Price 35 cents.
- Phillip, The Story of a Boy Violinist.** By T. W. O. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Poor Human Nature, A Musical Novel.** By Elizabeth Godfrey. Henry Holt & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Prince of Gravas, The.** By Alfred C. Fleckenstein, A.B., B.S. George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Santiago Campaign, The.** By Major-General Joseph Wheeler. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., publishers. Price \$3.
- Sielanka, and Other Stories.** By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. Price \$2.00.
- Social Ideals in English Letters.** By Vida D. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price \$1.75.
- Some Persons Unknown.** By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Spain, A Corner of.** By Miriam Coles Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Three Freshmen.** By Jessie Anderson Chase. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.
- Two Young Patriots: A Story of Burgoyne's Invasion.** By Everett T. Tomlinson. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Wild Animals I Have Known.** By Ernest Seton Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$2.
- Workers, The: An Experiment in Reality.** The West. By Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Yankee Volunteer, A.** By M. Imlay Taylor. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Young Supercargo, The.** By William Drysdale. W. A. Wilde & Co., publishers. Price \$1.50.